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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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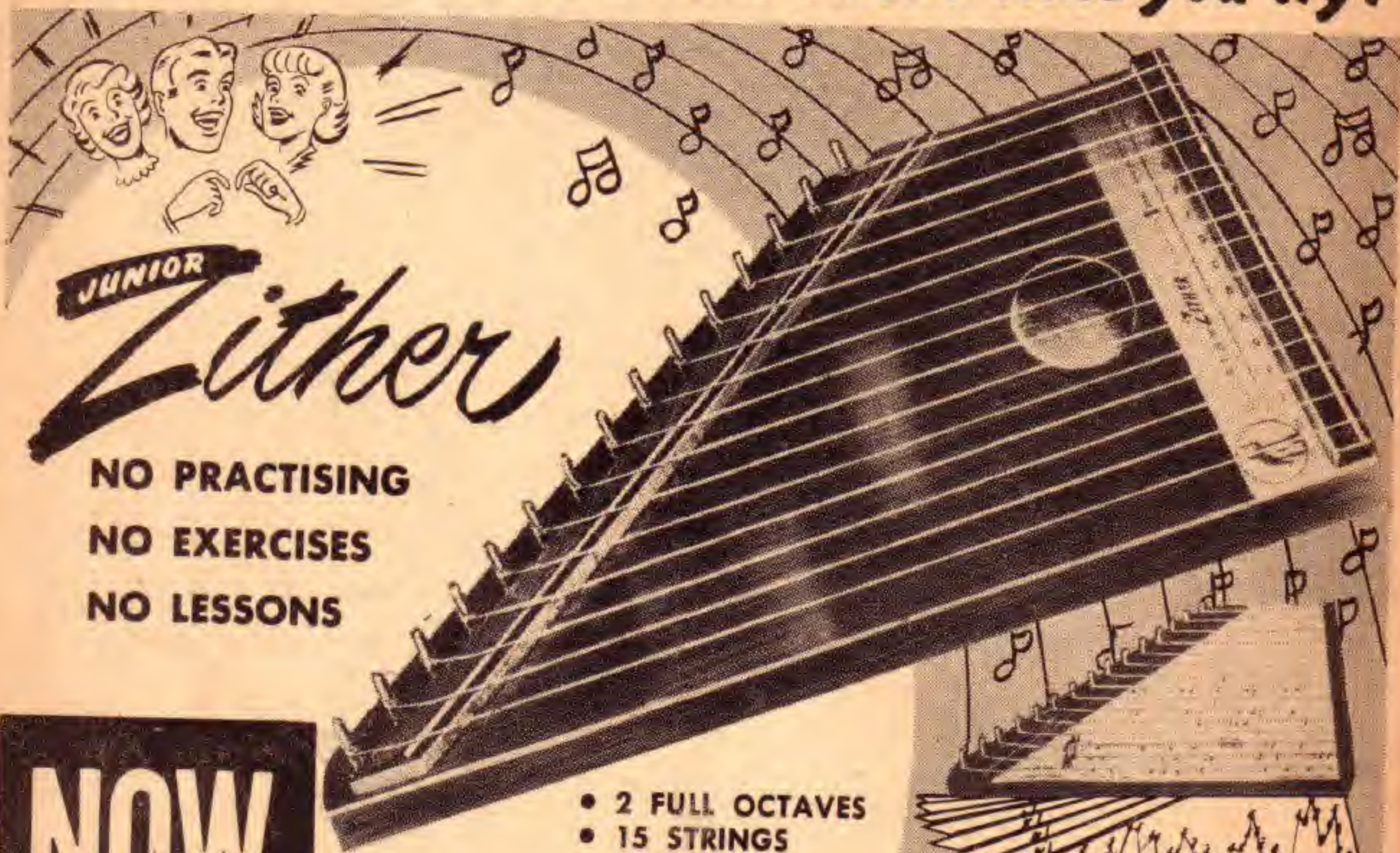
ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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BE POPULAR!

*You'll play instantly
the **FIRST TIME** you try!*



JUNIOR *Zither*

**NO PRACTISING
NO EXERCISES
NO LESSONS**

- 2 FULL OCTAVES
- 15 STRINGS

**NOW
YOU**

*...without knowing a note
...can play any
popular song
instantly!*



JUST FOLLOW THE AUTOMATIC NOTE SELECTOR

You don't have to spend long hours practising scales or learning how to play it,—you play this fascinating instrument the moment you get it. Just slide the automatic note selector under the strings, pluck the strings where the black dots appear and you'll be amazed to find yourself playing America's most popular songs and tunes instantly. By using these charts it's easy to play like a professional!

Yes, without any musical experience, you can play on sight. Just pick the strings where the dots appear on the popular song charts (included), and you'll be entertaining folks with your new Zither. You can command new respect and win admiration when you play like an accomplished musician. You'll enjoy hours of fun and years of satisfaction with your new, easy-to-play Zither.

GIVE YOUR HOME SONG AND CHEER

Your youngsters, too, will love to learn new songs with this honey-toned instrument. Their voices will respond with happy enthusiasm when accompanied by the Zither. At family get-togethers everyone will sing out in good cheer when you play the old time favorites.

NEW POPULARITY AND GOOD TIMES

Your 3rd Man ZITHER will make you the center of attraction,—will place you first in the hearts of your family and friends. Perfect for beach, canoe, campfire, picnic or house party. Finished in lustered mahogany, this superb instrument was fashioned by master craftsmen. Gleaming in all its hardwood beauty, you'll be wherever you go. Just turn on the radio and you are always ready for every festive occasion.

COMPLETE WITH

- Plastic Pick • 10 Song Charts
- Tuning Key • Extra Strings
- "Play-on-Sight" Instruction Manual

Measures 16½" x 7¾" x 2"

Has TWO FULL OCTAVES • 15 Strings
All for only \$5.00

Perfect as a Gift,—Delightful
ZITHER NOW!
upon today.

MAIL THIS

HUMBOLDT

CO.

The SPECTRAL SISTER

PLAYING WITH FIRE CAN BE DANGEROUS...BUT NOT HALF AS DEADLY AS PLAYING **GHOST**! FOR ONCE YOU START TOYING WITH THE SPECTRAL FORCES OF THE DREAD **UNKNOWN**, IT MAY TAKE A **REAL GHOST** TO GET YOU OUT OF TROUBLE! BUT READ ON...SEE FOR YOURSELF...AND TREMBLE!



I—I DON'T CARE HOW LATE IT IS—I **MUST** SPEAK TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! TELL HIM THAT I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER...AND I'VE DECIDED TO TELL HIM ALL I KNOW ABOUT **TONY WALTERS**!

ALL RIGHT, MISS BEAUMONT—I'LL SWITCH YOUR CALL THROUGH TO MR. GORDON'S HOME!



OH-HH-H!



HELLO... HELLO...!



WEST MORNING, 3,000 MILES AWAY IN A HOTEL AT LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA---

OH--
NO...
NO!



OH, ALICE--ALICE!
PERHAPS IF---IF I'D
STAYED CLOSER TO
YOU THE WAY A GOOD
SISTER SHOULD, I MIGHT
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP
YOU, TO KEEP YOU OUT OF
THIS---PERHAPS YOU'D BE
ALIVE NOW! BUT NOW ALL
I CAN DO IS MAKE SURE
THAT JUSTICE IS DONE
--- **THAT YOUR
MURDERER
IS PUNISHED!**



DAYS LATER---

HEY--YOU CAN'T BARGE
INTO THE D.A.'S OFFICE
LIKE THAT!

MR. GORDON.
I'M---

ALICE BEAUMONT!
I--I NEVER BELIEVED IN
GHOSTS, BUT I DO
NOW!



I'M JUNE BEAUMONT--ALICE'S
TWIN SISTER! I CAME HERE TO
FIND OUT WHETHER YOU'VE
ARRESTED ALICE'S
MURDERER YET!

WHEW, YOU CERTAINLY
GAVE ME A TURN, MISS
BEAUMONT--I WAS
CERTAIN ALICE HAD COME
BACK FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT
ME FOR NOT GETTING HER MURDER-
ER! I'M ALMOST CERTAIN THAT IT
WAS DONE BY THAT JEWEL THIEF
AND GANGSTER, TONY WALTERS--
BUT HE HAD AN AIR-
TIGHT ALIBI, AND I
HAD TO LET
HIM GO!



WM. GORDON, D.A.

YOUR SISTER WAS MIXED UP WITH WALTERS--SHE'D
PROBABLY FALLEN FOR HIM BEFORE SHE FOUND OUT
WHAT HE REALLY WAS LIKE! BUT WALTERS WAS JUST
UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS--HE MERELY USED HER TO
TAKE HIM AROUND TO ALL THE HOMES OF HER
WEALTHY FRIENDS--AND AN OUTBREAK OF
JEWEL ROBBERIES SOON FOLLOWED IN
THOSE VERY GAMB HOMES! I SUSPECTED
WALTERS, AND CALLED ON ALICE TO TELL

ALL SHE KNEW ABOUT
HIM--BUT SOME
REMNANT OF LOVE
AND LOYALTY PRE-
VENTED HER FROM
TALKING!



SHE MUST HAVE HAD A QUARREL WITH WALTERS ABOUT IT
--AND HE PROBABLY FOLLOWED HER HOME, KNOWING
SHE WAS ABOUT TO TALK--AND THEN KILLED HER
BEFORE SHE **COULD** TALK! WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE,
THOUGH, WE CAN'T TOUCH WALTERS!

NOT UNLESS HE CONFESSES
--AND ONLY A DEAD WOMAN
CAN MAKE HIM DO THAT!



I FIRST GOT THE IDEA WHEN YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT I WAS **ALICE'S GHOST!** SHE'D WRITTEN ME ABOUT WALTERS---AND MENTIONED THAT SHE HADN'T TOLD HIM SHE HAD A TWIN SISTER! AND SINCE WALTERS DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT ME, HE MIGHT BE **FRIGHTENED** INTO CONFESSING IF HE THINKS **SHE** CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT HIM!



BUT I'LL NEED **YOUR** HELP TO GO THROUGH WITH MY PLAN! I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES ALICE WAS WEARING WHEN SHE WAS MURDERED! THOSE, PLUS SOME PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT, MIGHT MAKE A MIGHTY CONVINCING **SPECTER!**

SORRY, MISS BEAUMONT---IT'S TOO RISKY! WALTERS MIGHT BE SCARED ENOUGH TO **SHOOT**---AND I DON'T WANT **TWO** DEAD BEAUMONTS ON MY HANDS!



THEN I'LL DO IT **WITHOUT** YOUR HELP---AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'M WILLING TO RISK MY LIFE TO PROVE I CAN TERRIFY HIM INTO CONFESSING!

NO, WAIT---**YOU WIN!** I CAN'T LET YOU GO INTO THIS **ALONE!**



LATER, THE HEADQUARTERS OF TONY WALTERS---

I WONDER HOW THE BOSS IS MAKIN' OUT SELLIN' THAT LAST HAUL O' ROCKS TO THE FENCE? HE OUGHTA GET AT LEAST A HUNNERT GRAND FER IT!

L---LOOK!



AM I **SEEN'** T'INGS?

IT---IT'S DA **BEAUMONT** DAME---COME BACK TA HAUNT US!

GO...GO...BEFORE I REVENGE MYSELF ON YOU!





TOO BAD I HAD TO BUMP HER
OFF...SHE MUST'VE HAD A FEW
MORE FRIENDS I COULD'VE
ROBBED! I'LL HAVE TO GO
TO SOME OTHER TOWN NOW
...AND START THE WHOLE
RACKET OVER, IF I CAN
LOCATE A SUCKER
LIKE ALICE!



HUH? I...I'D
BETTER STOP
THE CAR...I'M
SEEIN'
THINGS!



I'VE COME
FOR YOU...
MURDERER!

THOSE...THOSE HANDS
...LIKE ICE...LIKE THE
TOUCH OF DEATH! GET
AWAY FROM ME...
WHATEVER
YOU ARE!



THE...THE BULLETS DON'T
STOP HER...I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE!



BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

FOOL...YOU CAN
NEVER ESCAPE
ME!



ARGH!



GET BACK TO
THE CAR...DO
AS I SAY...OR
I'LL PLUCK
YOUR BLACK
HEART
OUT!

I...I'VE GOT
TO KEEP MY HEAD!
NOW THAT I KNOW
THIS THING IS
REAL, I CAN THINK
UP A WAY TO OUTWIT
IT...I'VE GOTTEN
OUT OF TIGHTER
SPOTS THAN THIS!



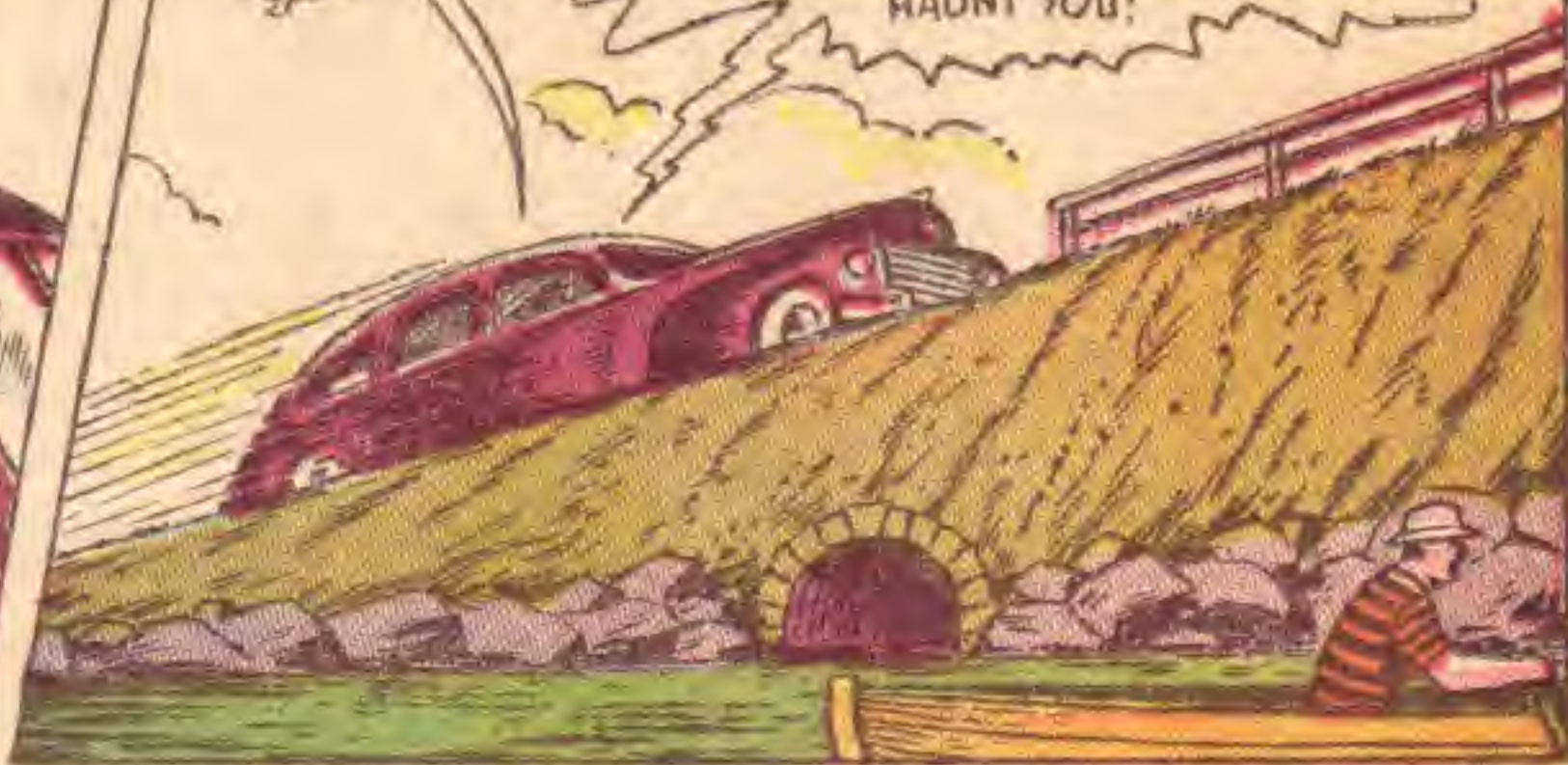
IF ONLY I CAN FIND
SOME ANGLE...HMMM...

I HAVE NOT BEEN A
SPIRIT LONG ENOUGH TO
GAIN ALL MY POWERS! BUT
THE **UNKNOWN** HAS GIVEN
ME STRANGE WEAPONS TO
FIGHT **YOU**... AND GAIN
MY REVENGE!

I THOUGHT GHOSTS
COULD GO RIGHT
THROUGH SOLID
OBJECTS... HOW
COME **YOU** HAVE TO
OPEN THE DOOR TO
GET INTO THE CAR?

BUT YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST ONE I'VE KILLED...AND THE
OTHERS NEVER CAME BACK TO HAUNT ME! WHY WERE
YOU ALLOWED TO RETURN TO EARTH?

ONLY BECAUSE ONE DEAR TO ME MIGHT BE
IN DANGER... IF I **DIDN'T** RETURN! BUT NOW,
NO MORE QUESTIONS... **DRIVE TO YOUR
HOME!** THERE YOU WILL SIGN YOUR
CONFESSION, AND I WILL NO LONGER
HAUNT YOU!

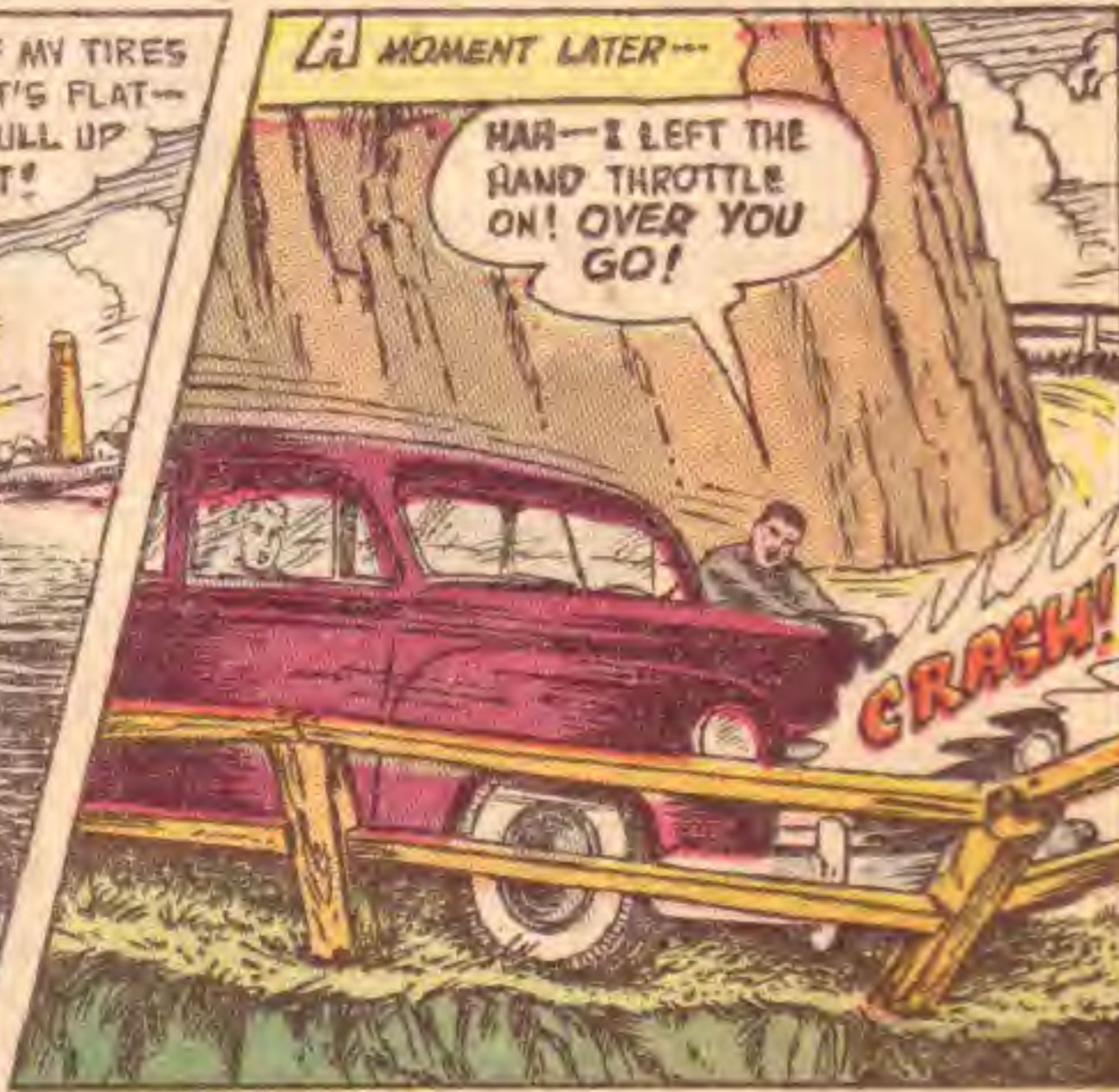


OH-OH, ONE OF MY TIRES
FEELS AS IF IT'S FLAT--
I'D BETTER PULL UP
AND CHECK IT!



A MOMENT LATER...

HAR--I LEFT THE
HAND THROTTLE
ON! OVER YOU
GO!



THERE'S FORTY FEET OF WATER
AT THAT SPOT...AND SINCE YOU
CAN'T GO THROUGH SOLIDS,
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET
OUT OF THE CAR AGAINST
THE PRESSURE OF THE
WATER! I'M **RID** OF
YOU... **FOR GOOD!**

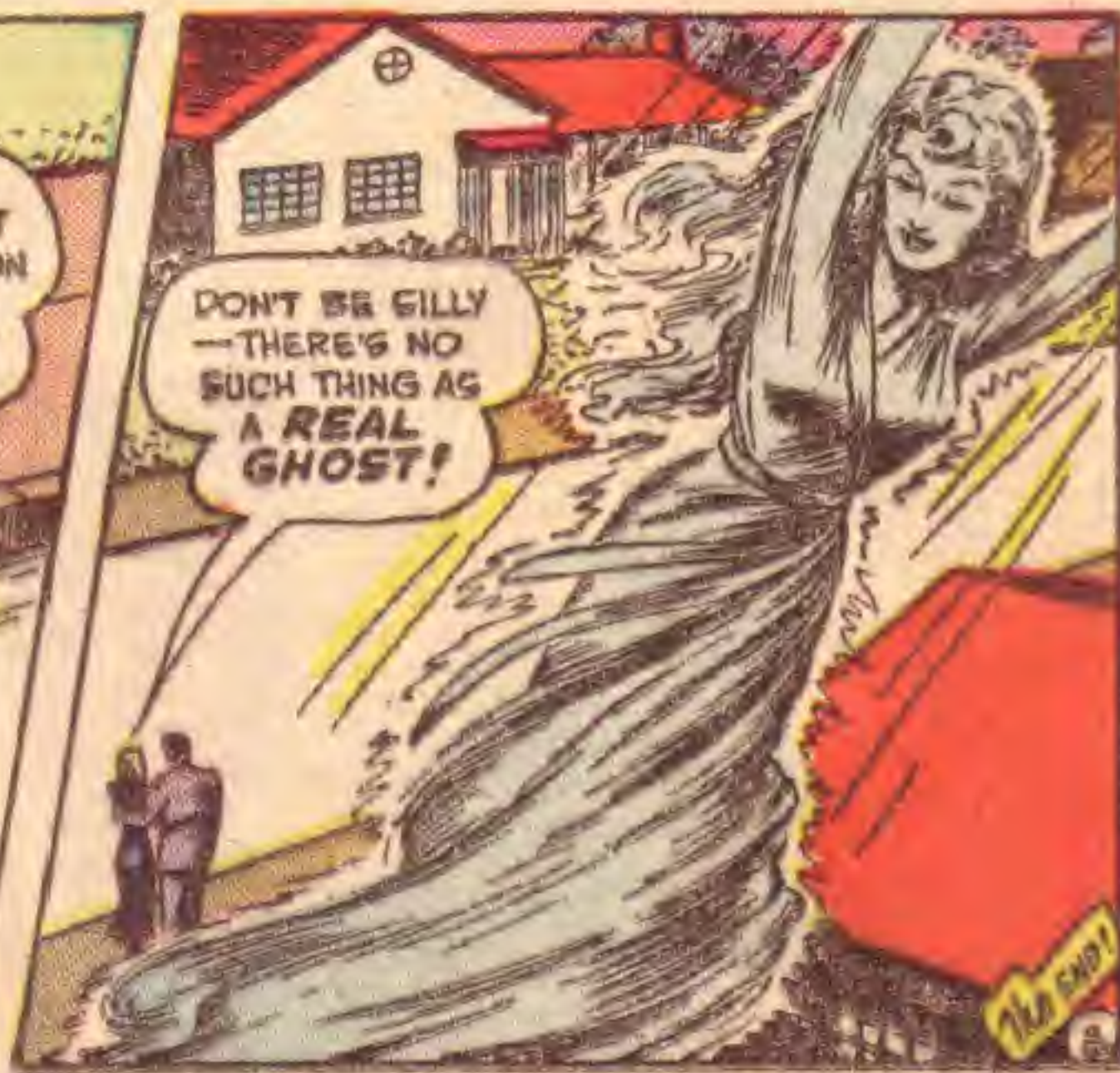
Galer--

A CAB JUST PULLED UP--WALTERS
IS GETTING OUT! I'LL HIDE IN THE
CLOSET JUST IN CASE HE DOESN'T
FRIGHTEN EASILY AND YOU NEED
HELP!

LET HIM
COME--I'LL
BE WAITING
FOR HIM!







PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE



WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!



CUTAWAY VIEW OF
WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic power? There's one of those in every WHEATIES flake—already to spark you every day.

IRON

ENERGY

VITAMINS

THAT'S AN
IMPORTANT
TRAINING
FACT!

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

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GET 8 WALT DISNEY CHARACTER

Cinderella
Mickey Mouse
Pinocchio
Brer Rabbit
Lucifer
Dumbo
Bambi
Donald Duck

MASKS

**RIGHT ON
WHEATIES BOXES**

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ENCHANTED

LAKE

BENEATH THE GOLDEN moon, the waters of Enchanted Lake gleamed like a huge opalescent jewel. Drummond sat in the stern of his small cabin boat and drank in the bewitching beauty of the scene, thinking, "What an apt name for this lake—I do feel enchanted!"

With an effort, Drummond finally roused himself enough to toss his fishing line over the side. Then, holding the pole in his hands, he leaned back in his deck chair with a sigh of great contentment and closed his eyes, wondering what there was about this mountain lake that had originally given it its enchanted name—

Drummond awoke suddenly, not knowing how long he had slept or what sound had disturbed his peaceful slumber. But then he knew what sound it had been—a deep, long, heart-stirring sigh that came from somewhere behind him. Slowly, almost against his will, Drummond turned in his chair—and stared. For a moment he refused to believe his eyes, thinking that the lovely vision before him was a mirage, composed of moonbeams and mist—but then the vision moved, advanced towards him with outstretched arms.

It was a girl, the loveliest girl Drummond had ever seen. Her hair was as golden as the moon above, and her face was the face that all men dream about in the secret depths of night. She smiled, and her lips seemed to promise love, rapture. Drummond's rapt gaze traveled down to her white arms, to her shimmering gown that swept across the deck as she walked slowly towards him—and as she came closer, his eyes were caught by the strange, crescent-shaped jewel that hung from her neck and shone with a thousand hidden fires.

But now that she was this close, almost touching him, he could see that she was wet from head to hem, with silvery droplets of lake water falling almost at his feet from her outstretched fingertips. Drummond ached to ask who she was, where she had come from, why she had swum out from shore to his boat—but he feared that the slightest word would break the magical spell she had somehow woven around him, and so he kept silent.

Then her fingertips were upon his face, softly stroking with the touch of love. He started to rise, hungry to put his arms around her, but an increased pressure of the fingertips told him she wished him to remain seated. Her fingers went next to his eyes, gently closing the lids, stroking them tenderly, so tenderly—

When Drummond awoke again this time, it was with a start. He stared around in bewilderment, remembering the girl, her touch, the moonbeams in her hair. Now both moon and girl were gone, and in the east a red sliver of sun was turning the sky to fire. Drummond rose from his chair in desperation, knowing that he had to find the girl again—but as he stood up, his fishing line went taut, and the pole in his hands curved toward the water as if he had hooked something.

With a sudden chilling premonition, Drummond began to reel his line in, knowing that the weight at the other end was too heavy to be a fish. Moments later, he was staring in horror at the *thing* at the end of his line. At last Drummond knew what had given the lake its enchanted name—for he had dragged up a human skeleton, around whose neck-bones hung a strange, crescent-shaped jewel that shone with a thousand hidden fires in the red dawn.

THE HOWLING HUNTERS



AT A SMALL COUNTRY COURTHOUSE...

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE THIS COURT PASSES SENTENCE UPON YOU?

GET IT OVER WITH! I WASN'T AFRAID WHEN I SHOT THOSE BANK GUARDS... AND I'M NOT AFRAID NOW!



AS THE FATAL WORDS DRONE ABOVE THE MURMUR OF VOICES, A STRANGE FIGURE STANDS AT THE BACK OF THE CHAMBER... HIS GLOWING EYES FIXED ON THE DOOMED MAN.

...AND THE VERDICT OF THIS COURT IS THAT YOU SHALL BE TAKEN TO A PLACE DESIGNATED BY LAW... AND THERE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!

DEFIANT... VICIOUS... JUST THE TYPE I NEED! I CAN'T SAVE HIM FROM THE GALLOW... BUT HE WON'T DIE!



SOME TIME LATER---

MY SON---IT ISN'T TOO LATE TO REPENT! YOU'RE GOING TO YOUR DEATH NOW---GIVE YOURSELF THE COMFORT OF DIVINE MERCY!

SKIP IT! I NEVER SHOWED MERCY-- I'M NOT GOING TO CRAWL FOR IT---I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!



That night...IN A LONELY WOODLAND GRAVEYARD---

NOW THAT WE'VE RECOVERED HIS BODY, WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH IT IS WORTH-- TO HIS GHOST!



Then--A DIABOLICAL INCANTATION RISES IN THE GLOOM!

KILLER WHO PAID THE LAW ITS DUE--- THE HOWLING HUNTERS SUMMON YOU!



WHAT DID YOU BRING ME BACK FOR? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE WERE-WOLF LEADER ---THE BEING WHO CAN GIVE YOU IMMORTAL LIFE---AS I HAVE GIVEN IT TO THEM!



THE PRICE IS SMALL--- YOU MUST LOOK LIKE THEM---AND HUNT LIKE THEM--- FOREVER!

I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO ANYTHING---JUST AS LONG AS I CAN LIVE!



Again---THE EVIL CADENCE OF A SPELL DRIFTS AMONG THE TOMBSTONES!

SPIRIT INTO BODY ---BODY INTO LIFE ---LIFE INTO HORROR!

SOMETHING'S CONTROLLING ME! IT'S IN THE COFFIN---DRAWING ME TOWARD IT!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT---BODY INTO LIFE---LIFE INTO HORROR---AS GHOST AND CORPSE ARE FUSED!

AAAAGH!

MY NECK---IT'S BROKEN!





Then...AS AN UNEARTHLY CHORUS QUAVERS INTO THE NIGHT---





US?

YES--MOTHER AND DAD AND I! BILL, THEY--THEY BOTH DIED LAST YEAR! THEY TOLD ME TO WAIT FOR YOU--SO YOU'D HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU GOT BACK--AND I DID!



GOSH--I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WERE PEOPLE LIKE THIS! THE OLD FOLKS WORRYING ABOUT THEIR SON--AND SHE THINKING I'M HER BROTHER--THE BROTHER SHE WAITED FOR A WHOLE YEAR IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE--ALONE!

GOOD HEAVENS, BILL--WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHAT'S THIS HORRIBLE RED MARK ON YOUR NECK?



JUST AN OLD SCAR--NOT EVEN WORTH TALKING ABOUT!

BILL, I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED IT BEFORE! YOU'RE WORN OUT--HALF STARVED--YOU'VE GOT TO REST WHILE I GET THE STOVE STARTED!



LATE THAT NIGHT--

DAD ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT HOW I FELL INTO THE ICY CREEK WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD--AND YOU JUMPED IN AND GOT ME OUT! BUT WHAT I LIKE TO REMEMBER IS THE FUN WE HAD--THE HAY RIDES AND HUSKING BEES!

--IT ALMOST COULD HAVE BEEN ME! I NEVER HAD A HAPPY DAY IN MY LIFE--BUT I CAN SEE I MISSED PLENTY!



SUDDENLY--RISING LIKE AN EVIL SIGNAL ABOVE THE STIRRING PINES--

AAOOOOO!

BILL--WHAT'S THAT? IT CAN'T BE A WOLF--THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY AROUND HERE FOR YEARS!



A SECOND LATER--

YOU CRAZY LITTLE FOOL--GET BACK!

OHH!

GARRON!



AS THE SHAGGY FORM LOPES INTO THE DARKNESS--

WHY'D YOU OPEN THE DOOR? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT THING IS--DO YOU REALIZE WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU?

BUT IT'S GONE, BILL--AND I DON'T SEE WHY IT CAME SNIFFING AROUND IN THE FIRST PLACE! WAIT A MINUTE--WHAT'S THIS LYING ON THE FLOOR?



THAT'S STRANGE!
WHITE---POINTED---
GOOD HEAVENS, BILL
---IT'S A FANG!



GIVE ME THAT! WHO
TOLD YOU TO TOUCH
IT?

THERE'S NOTHING TO GET MAD
ABOUT, BILL! WAIT---LET ME
LOOK AT
YOU!



I NEVER NOTICED IT
BEFORE, BUT YOU HAVE
A TOOTH MISSING---A
SIDE TOOTH!

SO WHAT?
I LOST IT
YEARS
AGO---WHAT
ARE YOU
DRIVING
AT?



TOOTH MUST BECOME FANG
---THIS IS THE FIRST NIGHT---
BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD
BE LIKE THIS! SOMEHOW I---
I HOPE THE KID DOESN'T
FIND OUT!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---WITH COLD
MOONLIGHT ETCHING A PATTERN OF
SHADOWS ACROSS THE CLEARING---

PSSST!
WAIT!



AS THE SPECTRAL WOLF STOPS---ITS BLAZING EYES
ALIVE IN THE DARKNESS---

I WAS EXPECTING YOU! IF
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING
FOR ME---YOU CAN GIVE
IT TO ME HERE!



THROATY CHUCKLE BREAKS FROM THE SHAGGY FORM---
AND AS IT REARS AND QUIVERS IN THE FEEBLE YELLOW
LIGHT---

ARRRGH!
GAA...
HA HA!

IT'S CHANGING!
THAT'S SOMETHING I'LL
BE ABLE TO DO---BY
TOMORROW
NIGHT!



NEVER MIND THAT... LET'S STICK TO OUR BARGAIN! MY HAIR... WHAT ABOUT IT?

THE DEAD MEN WALK... THE GRAVEYARDS STIR! FROM THIS HOUR... HAVE WEREWOLF FUR!

IT'S FUR, ALL RIGHT! BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE SO THICK... SO NOTICE-ABLE!

WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE? AFTER TOMORROW NIGHT IT WON'T MATTER... WILL IT?



ME... I CAN TAKE ANYTHING! I JUST DON'T WANT IT TO MATTER TO HER... THAT'S ALL!

HA-HA! TONIGHT A KILLER... TOMORROW A WEREWOLF... AND HE'S ACTUALLY CONCERNED ABOUT AN ORDINARY HUMAN! BUT SINCE I MUST FIND HIM A FIRST VICTIM... I WAS JUST WONDERING... WHO?



NEXT EVENING...

BILL... YOU HAVEN'T LEFT THE ATTIC ALL DAY! IS SOMETHING WRONG... ARE YOU SICK?

NOK NOK!

WAIT... DON'T COME UP!

SLOWLY, THE TRAP DOOR INCHES UP... AND GLINTING WITH A STRANGE INTENSITY... TWO BLAZING EYES STARE OUT!

KID, YOU'VE GOT TO PULL OUT OF HERE! DON'T ASK ME WHY... DON'T WAIT TO PACK... GET MOVING!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BILL! IF YOU'RE AFRAID... IF YOU'RE HIDING... FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL ME ABOUT IT!



NOT NOW... LATER! I WANT YOU TO HEAD FOR TOWN... HEAR ME?

ALL RIGHT, BILL! IT'S TWELVE MILES AWAY, AND I'LL TAKE ME HOURS... BUT I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!



I'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN--AND THANK GOD,
SHE WON'T SEE ME! SO LONG, KID--AND THANKS
FOR TREATING ME LIKE--A HUMAN!



Then, from far off--RISING AND FADING THROUGH THE
MISTY WOODS--

THEY'RE COMING! THERE'S NO
USE WISHING NOW I'D HAD A
BETTER LIFE--OR AN EASIER
DEATH! I MADE MY BARGAIN
--AND I'M KEEPING
IT!



As DARKNESS CREEPS INTO THE ATTIC LIKE A BLACK
PRESENCE--AND THE WAKING BATS SCRATCH AND RUSTLE
AMONG THE BARE RAFTERS--

IT'S IN THE CARDS--THE THIRD NIGHT--WHEN
HAND MUST BECOME PAW! MAYBE I'LL
FEEL BETTER ABOUT IT AFTER I'VE CHANGED--
WHEN I'M TRACKING DOWN MY FIRST VICTIM!
IT'LL BE A STRANGER THEN--NOT SOMEONE
I'VE GOTTEN TO KNOW--
LIKE HER!



BUT AS THE SLOW MINUTES PASS--

THEY'RE STILL SAYING AROUND
THE WOODS! IT COULDN'T BE
THEY'VE FOUND A VICTIM OUT
THERE--NO ONE WOULD BE
WALKING AROUND IN THE
DARKNESS--UNLESS--



...GOOD LORD
...THE KID!



ON THE NEXT PULSING INSTANT--

MY HANDS! THEY'RE
TIGHTENING--MY FINGERS
ARE GETTING NUMB--
AND I KNOW WHY!



HAND MUST
BECOME PAW
--NOW--NOW--
--WHEN I CAN'T
OPEN THE
DOOR!



FOR A SECOND, THE PANTING FIGURE
TURNS DESPERATELY—AND THEN—

WHAT WAS IT THAT SPED THROUGH THE NIGHT WITH GASPING BOUNDS? NOT
A MAN, CERTAINLY—NOT A PHANTOM—NOT A WEREWOLF! IT WAS A **WILL**—
HEEDLESS OF ITS OWN DOOM AS IT RACED TOWARD THE HOWLING HUNTERS!



MINUTES LATER—IN A SPOT CHARGED WITH EVIL—

YOU'VE GOT HER! IF SHE'S
BEEN HARMED—IF YOU'VE SO
MUCH AS TOUCHED HER—

DO YOU THINK WE **WOULD**? SHE
FAINTED AS THE PACK CLOSED IN—
BUT WE'VE LEFT HER FOR **YOU**!
SHE SHOULD REVIVE SOON—JUST
IN TIME TO SEE YOUR **FINAL**
CHANGE—AND AWAIT YOUR
JAWS IN THE LAST
MINUTE OF HER
LIFE!



THE WORDS CAME SLOWLY—HARSH,
DEEP-THROATED WORDS THAT SOME-
TIMES BROKE OFF INTO A GROWL!

YOU THOUGHT YOU MADE A
BARGAIN WITH THE LOWEST
KIND OF HUMAN—A **KILLER**!
BUT I **DIED** TO PAY FOR THAT
—I SETTLED MY BARGAIN
WITH A ROPE! NOW I'M READY
TO DIE **AGAIN** BEFORE I
BECOME A WEREWOLF—

—BEFORE I LET
YOU DO ANYTHING
TO **HER**!

YES, YOU'LL DIE—
TORN APART BY A
DOZEN RIPPING
JAWS! AND WHEN
THE PACK IS
FINISHED WITH
YOU—WHAT DO
YOU THINK WILL
HAPPEN TO
HER?

**YOU BLACK-
HEARTED FIEND!**
I THOUGHT I WAS
THROUGH KILLING
WHEN I MOUNTED
THE SCAFFOLD—





--- BUT I WAS
WRONG!



THE NEXT MOMENT SAW A FURRY
MASS ENGULF A TOTTERING FIGURE---

AHOOO!

GARRRGH!



--- AND A DEATH GRIP THAT TIGHTENED
--- IN A CLUTCH THAT NOTHING COULD
BREAK?

AAAN...
AAAN...

BUT THE FURRY KILLERS HAD GOTTEN IN THEIR WORK---AND A MAN
DIED AGAIN! WITH HIM, HE TOOK INTO ETERNITY THE EVIL LEADER
OF THE WEREWOLVES---WHOSE DEATH SEALED THE DOOM OF THE
GHOSTLY PACK!



AAAGH!

A MOMENT LATER---

BILL! HE MUST HAVE DRIVEN OFF
THE WOLVES AFTER I FAINTED---
BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
HIM?



THE WRIST THE GIRL RAISED HAD NO
PULSE---AND IT HAD NO PAW! IT WAS THE
LIFELESS LIMB OF A MAN WHO HAD DIED
AGAIN---AND REDEEMED HIMSELF!

HE'S DEAD! BUT THAT
ANCHOR BILL HAD TATTOOED
ON HIS ARM--- WHERE IS IT?
THIS MAN ISN'T MY
BROTHER--- HE'S
A STRANGER!



I'LL NEVER KNOW WHO HE WAS---AND THE
QUESTIONS I WANTED TO ASK WILL NEVER
BE ANSWERED! BUT WHEN BILL COMES BACK
---AND I KNOW HE *WILL* COME BACK---
I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE GRAVE OF A
FRIEND!



THE END!

EDITOR



HELLO, FANS, OF "Adventures Into The Unknown"! It seems hard to realize, at times, that it's only a month between meetings---that's how lonesome your Editor gets for you! Seriously, we miss you and find it companionable and relaxing to sit down to another spook session with you, our favorite readers. We enjoy the feeling that you're all a part of this great magazine of ours, sharing in our problems and successes and giving generously of your opinions and suggestions towards the end of making "Adventures Into The Unknown" the foremost supernatural book on the stands. Many, many thanks for your loyalty and support---and we appreciate the fact that that support is also being accorded our fine new companion magazine---"Forbidden Worlds". The new baby's doing nicely, thank you, and following in its father's footsteps. Which means that instead of this single magazine which we originally published, you can now get fast-paced thrills, spine-tingling chills and delicious shudders from *two* action-packed magazines! And if it's out-of-this world gasps that you go for, be sure you read them *both* regularly! We promise---we

won't let you down!

We feel that we can prove this guarantee in the breathless issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown" which we're now bringing you. There's "The Spectral Sister", for instance---a living demonstration of truth being stranger than fiction, wherein a fake ghost is supplanted by an eerie, chilling specter from out of the Unknown itself. Then, there's "The Howling Hunters"---and this time, we're going to go out on the limb in the statement that here is one of the greatest stories of the supernatural ever printed. "Wings of Horror" is a *different* type of vampire story that hits home hard, and "The Zombies' Disciple" should prove tops for midnight creeps. "The Specter In The Show Window" is a novelty ghost story---we think you'll like it---and "Case of The Haunted Girl" is an interest-packed factual piece you won't soon forget!

We think all these make for a swell issue---but we want to know what you think! Address your letters to The Editor, *Adventures Into The Unknown*, at 45 West 45 Street, New York 19, N.Y. And now let's see what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I've read a lot of comics---all the money I get goes into them. You can't imagine how many I have, and I had thought that some of them were good. But now I've hit on 'Adventures Into The Unknown'---and it's by far the best of the lot! I especially enjoyed 'Ghostly Destroyer'. Keep up the good work!

--Rita Richman, Brooklyn, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

It's not often I write---but when I do, it has to be good. And there's nothing better than one of your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' before turning the lights out! Like your 'Thing At The Bottom of The Sea', for instance. Weird is putting it mildly! It's fantastic, uncanny! I just can't find words good enough to express my thoughts! Exciting, spooky---yet truly believable! The way I read your stories is to let my mind enter the pages as if I were there myself, sharing the thrills and danger!

--Leo Toutant, Youban, B. C."

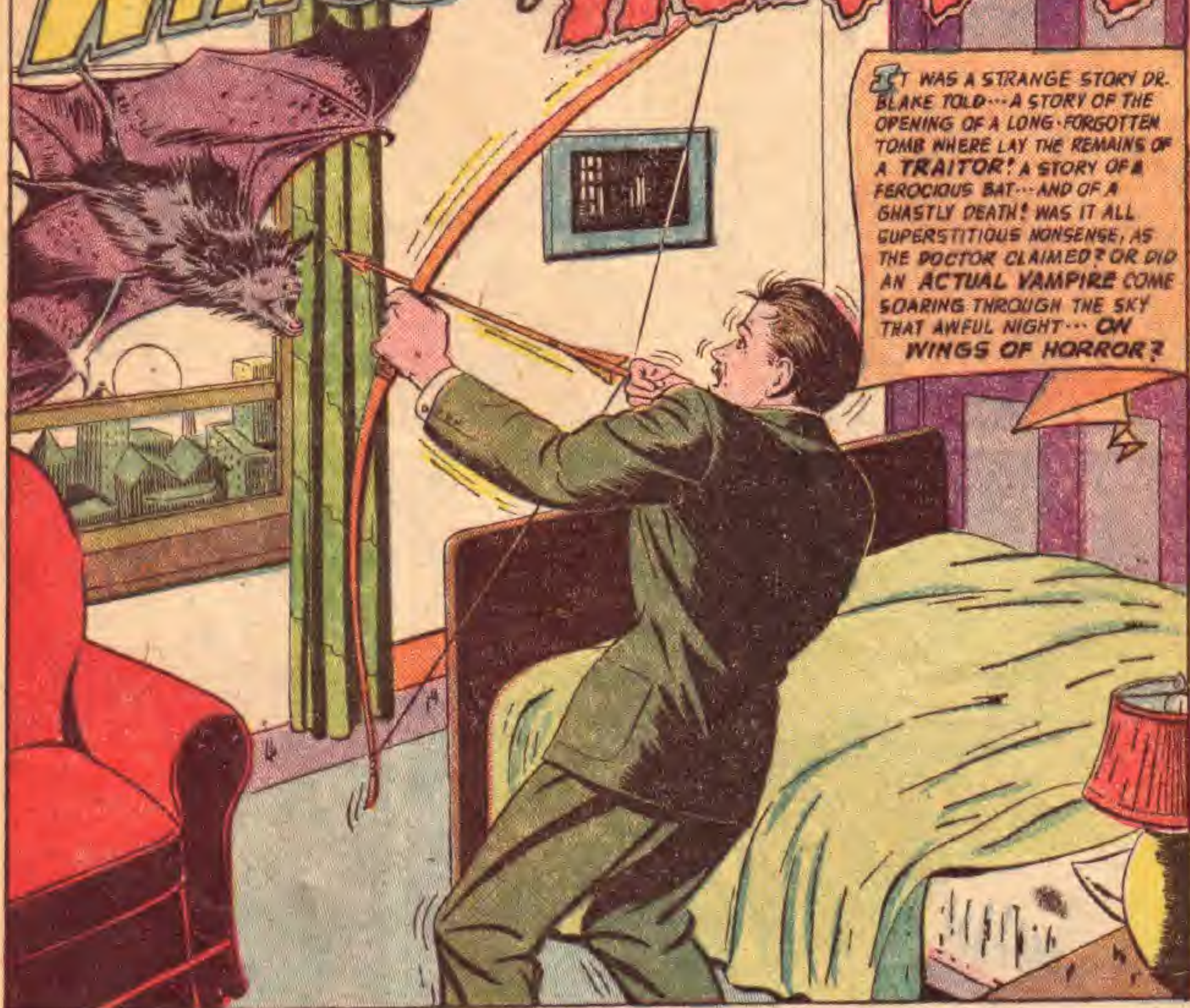
"Dear Editor:-

I just started collecting your wonderful magazine, and I am in deep wonder on how to obtain back issues. Your comic is tops with me, and I intend to buy every future issue!

--Richard Cheadle, Woodhaven, N. Y."

Have you read "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"?

WINGS of HORROR



IT WAS A STRANGE STORY DR. BLAKE TOLD... A STORY OF THE OPENING OF A LONG-FORGOTTEN TOMB WHERE LAY THE REMAINS OF A TRAITOR! A STORY OF A FEROCIOUS BAT... AND OF A GHASTLY DEATH! WAS IT ALL SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, AS THE DOCTOR CLAIMED? OR DID AN ACTUAL VAMPIRE COME SOARING THROUGH THE SKY THAT AWFUL NIGHT... ON WINGS OF HORROR?

IT WAS LONG PAST OFFICE HOURS WHEN DR. SAMUEL BLAKE RECEIVED A VISITOR...

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR, DOCTOR, BUT I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU! NOT ABOUT MYSELF, BUT ABOUT... VAMPIRES!

THAT BOB COWAN BUSINESS, EH? WELL, COME IN! YOU'RE ANOTHER REPORTER, I TAKE IT?

NO-- I'M DOING RESEARCH INTO SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA, DOCTOR! I UNDERSTAND YOU CAN GIVE ME FIRST-HAND INFORMATION ABOUT SOME OF THE PECULIAR INCIDENTS THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE COWAN AFFAIR!

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW! IT WAS TRULY HORRIBLE -- NOT THAT I BELIEVE IT HAD ANY OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE, OF COURSE!

BOB COWAN WAS A YOUNG CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER... I KNEW HIM WELL! HE WAS VIGOROUS AND AMBITIOUS! NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING TO THE TOP!





“I KNEW THAT OTHER FIRMS HAD JACKLED THE CLEARANCE JOB... AND ALL OF THEM HAD GIVEN IT UP BECAUSE OF A SERIES OF WEIRD ACCIDENTS!”



“SO BOB WENT AHEAD! HE SEEMED TO GET A KICK OUT OF EVERYBODY WAITING FOR SOMETHING AWFUL TO HAPPEN! BUT RUTH HIS FIANCEE WAS FAR FROM HAPPY...”

“YOU KNOW WHAT, DOC? RUTH TOOK ME TO A FORTUNE-TELLER LAST NIGHT AND I WAS TOLD TO HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE JOB IF I VALUED MY LIFE! CAN YOU TIE THAT?”

“LAUGH IF YOU LIKE, BOB! BUT I DO WISH YOU’D GIVE IT UP!”



"IT WAS MOCK-
ING-OFF TIME FOR
BOB, SO RUTH
AND I WENT BACK
WITH HIM TO THE
APARTMENT HE HAD
TAKEN NEARBY! WE
WERE SITTING
OUT ON THE
SMALL BALCONY,
SIPPING COOL
DRINKS WHEN
SUDDENLY--RUTH
SHRIEKED!"



OHNNHH!
IT'S A
BAT!

SO IT IS! WELL,
BATS COME OUT
ABOUT THIS TIME,
RUTH! CALM DOWN
--IT ISN'T GOING
TO HURT YOU!

BUT SHE WAS STILL AGITATED AS WE LEFT TOGETHER!

NIGHT, SWEETHEART!
HAVE A GOOD SLEEP
AND FORGET ALL ABOUT
THIS STUPID STUFF!

GET A GOOD SLEEP
YOURSELF, BOB! YOU'VE
BEEN PUSHING YOUR-
SELF TOO HARD!



"AS SOON AS WE'D
LEFT, BOB PREPARED
FOR BED! JUST BEFORE
GOING OFF TO SLEEP,
HE REMEMBERED SEE-
ING A LARGE BAT
SWOOPING CLOSE TO
HIS WINDOW--- HE
TOLD ME ABOUT THIS
LATER ---"



"AN HOUR OR
SO LATER, HE
AWOKE WITH A
START, FEELING
STRANGELY WEAK-
ENED! IT WAS THEN
THAT HE GOT THE
SHOCK OF HIS
LIFE--- FOR THE
FIGURE OF A
MAN WAS BEND-
ING OVER THE
BED!"



WHO---
WHO
ARE
YOU?

"THE MAN
WORE A MILI-
TARY UNIFORM
OF THE TIME
OF THE REVOLU-
TIONARY WAR!
HE WAS HORRI-
BLE TO LOOK
AT--- LONG
FANGLIKE TEETH
PROTRUDED FROM
HIS LIPS! HORRI-
FIED, BOB
PUSHED HIM
AWAY!"



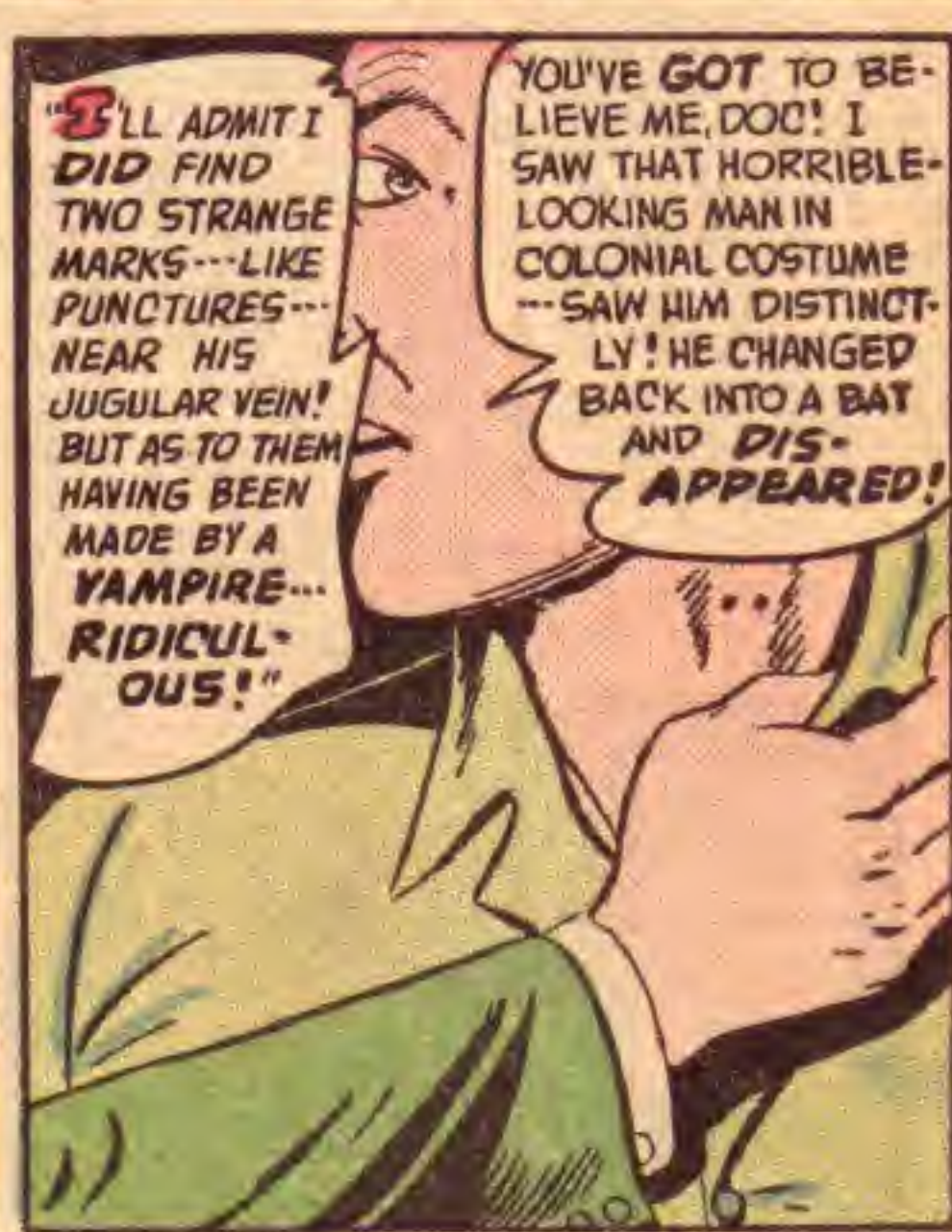
GET---GET OUT
OF HERE!



"IN A TRICE, THE APPARITION
VANISHED---AND ALL THAT RE-
MAINED WAS A LARGE BAT
FLYING OUT THE
WINDOW!"

"BOB FLUNG HIMSELF OUT OF BED!
NUMB WITH TERROR, HE STUMBLED
AND FELL, STRIKING HIS HEAD!"







"MY HOBBY IS ARCHERY---AND IN ALL MODESTY, I CAN'T DENY THAT I'M A GOOD SHOT!"

THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

"THAT AFTERNOON I VISITED BOB AT THE HOSPITAL AGAIN! HE WAS IN A BAD STATE OF NERVES---POSITIVE THE VAMPIRE WOULD RETURN AS SOON AS DARKNESS FELL!"



I'VE GOT THE PERFECT PLAN, BOB! YOU'RE TO BE MOVED TO THE NEXT ROOM AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN BED---WITH THIS BOW AND THESE ARROWS CLOSE BY!

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?



IF ANY BAT COMES IN, I'LL SHOOT IT---THE SHAFT OF THE ARROW WILL ACT AS A WOODEN STAKE! IT'S THE TIME-HONORED WAY TO GET RID OF VAMPIRES!

"WILLINGLY, HE AGREED--- NEVER SUSPECTING THAT I WAS GOING THROUGH ALL THIS HOCUS-FOCUS WITH MY TONGUE IN MY CHEEK! RUTH HAD COME TO STAY WITH HIM---"



YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE STAYING IN THAT ROOM, DOC! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD MISS?

I NEVER MISS!



TAKE IT EASY NOW! I'LL BE BACK LATER!

"I LEFT BOB READING THE BOOK ABOUT VAMPIRES AND WENT TO HIS ORIGINAL ROOM! I'LL ADMIT I NEVER THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO SHOW MY MARKSMANSHIP!"

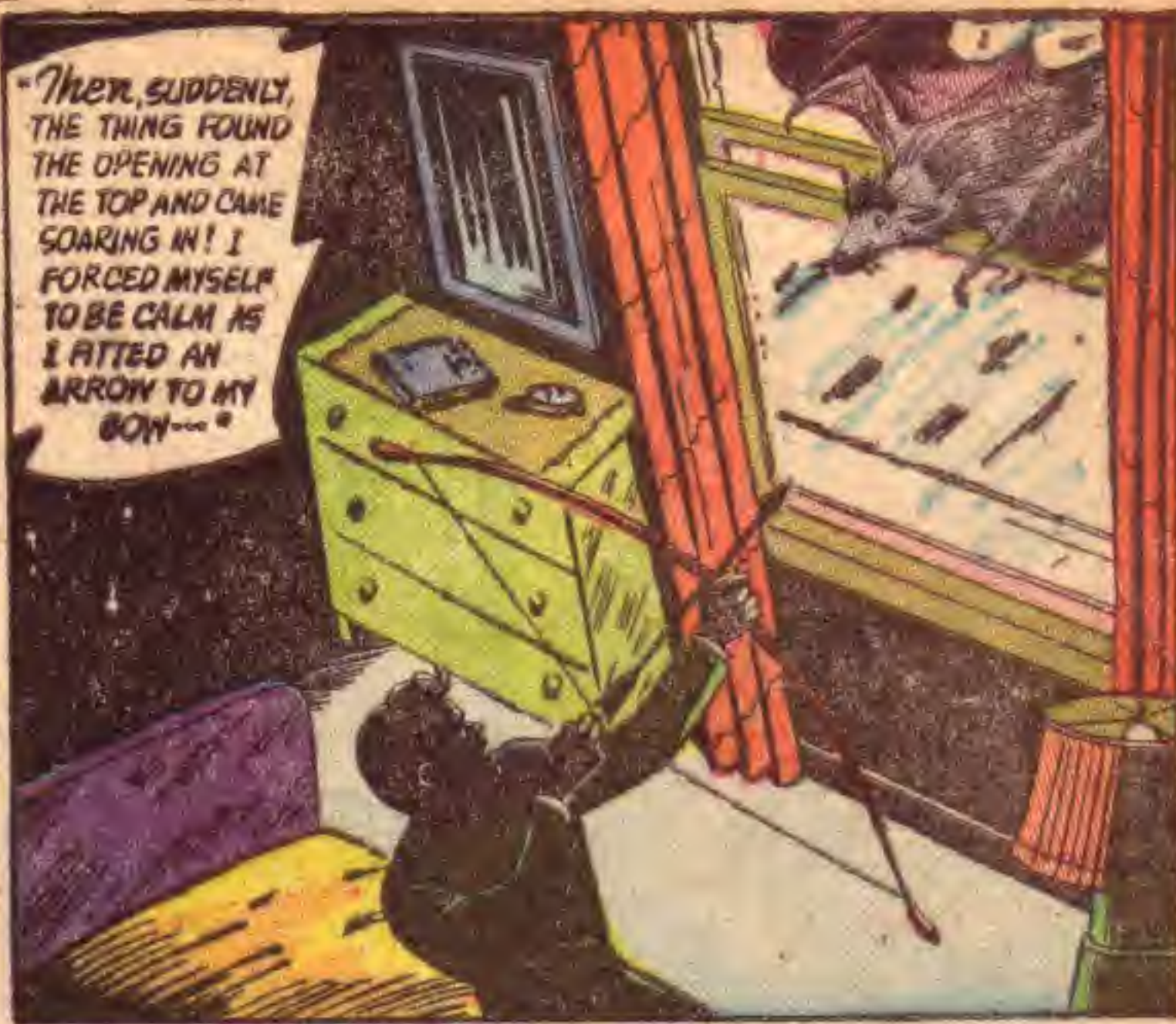


"BUT SURE ENOUGH, A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER I'D BEEN IN BED, I HEARD SOMETHING THUD AGAINST THE GLASS OF THE WINDOW I'D LEFT PARTLY OPEN!"

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED IF IT ISN'T A--- BAT!



"THE THING KEPT FLAPPING AGAINST THE WINDOW PANE AS IF IT WAS TRYING TO GET INSIDE! I CAN TELL YOU I WAS PRETTY TENSE IN SPITE OF MYSELF!"



"THEN, SUDDENLY, THE THING FOUND THE OPENING AT THE TOP AND CAME SOARING IN! I FORCED MYSELF TO BE CALM AS I FITTED AN ARROW TO MY BOW..."



"I TOOK CAREFUL AIM AS IT CAME STRAIGHT FOR ME...AND SHOT! I HIT IT DEAD CENTER!"

EEEE-EE!



"WHEN I SWITCHED ON THE LIGHT, THE BAT WAS STONE DEAD ON THE FLOOR...WITH THE ARROW STUCK CLEAR THROUGH IT!"



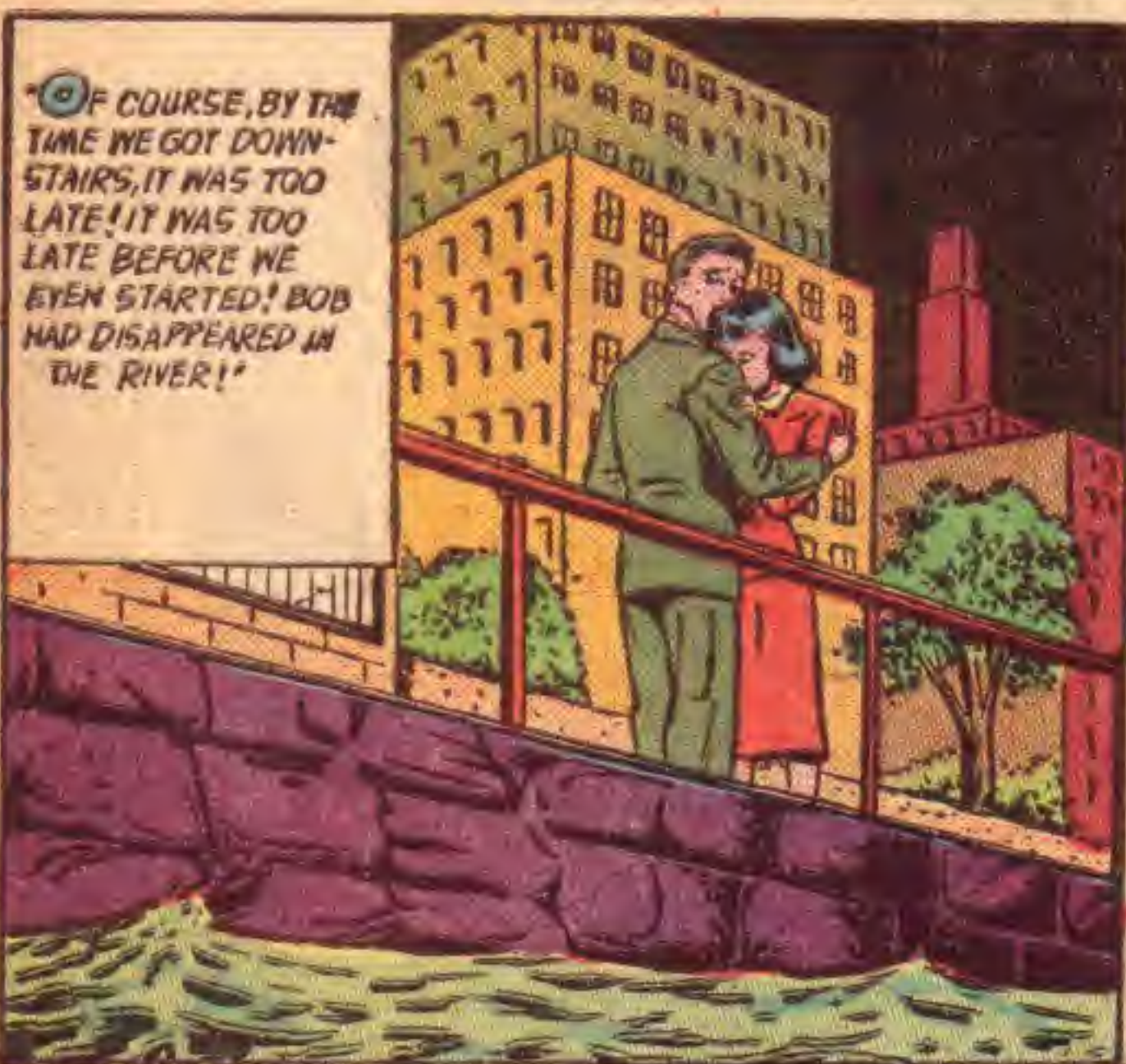
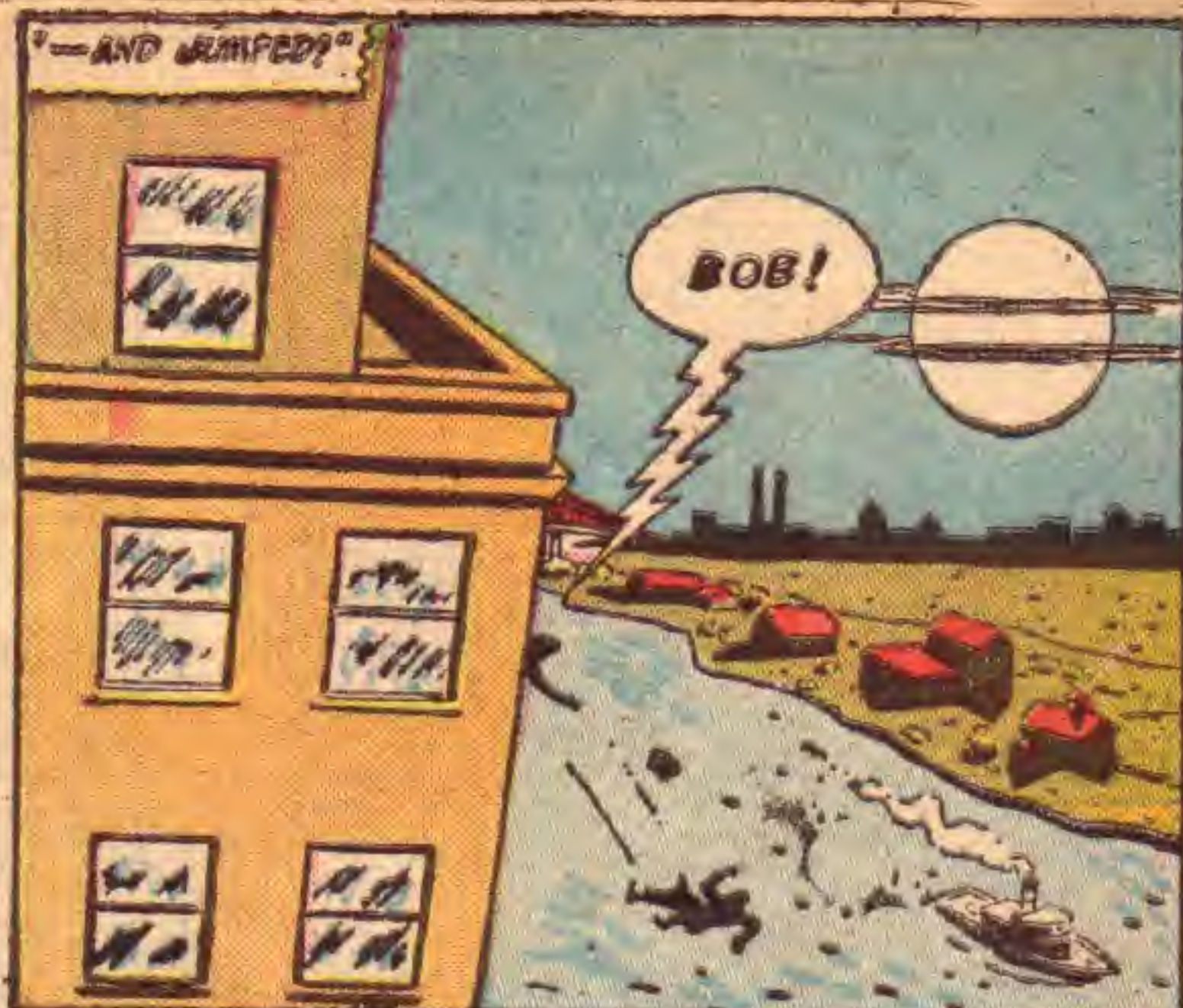
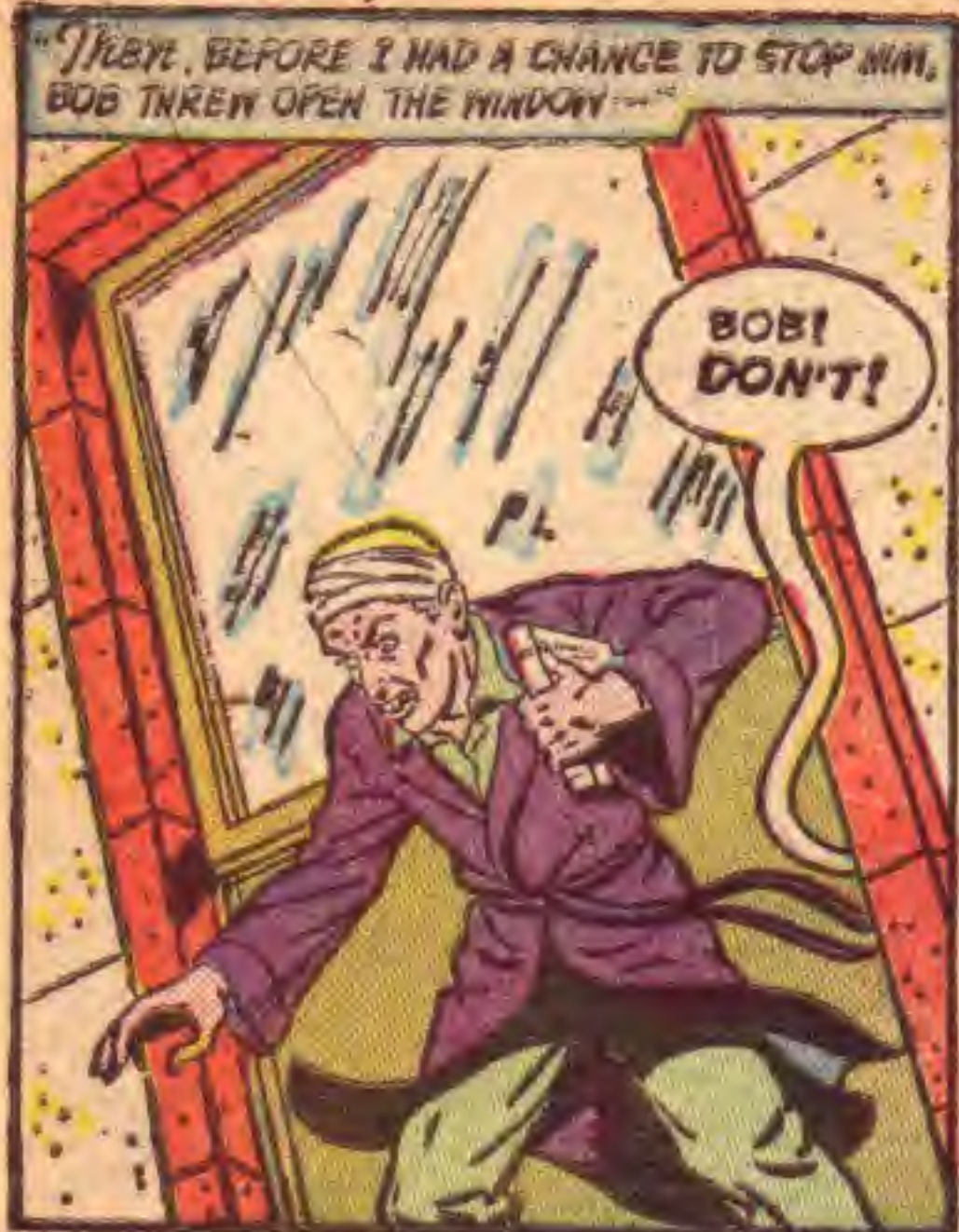
"I PICKED IT UP AND ELATED, HURRIED INTO THE NEXT ROOM! IF ANYTHING SHOULD PUT BOB'S SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS AT REST, THIS SHOULD!"

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW! I'VE KILLED THE BAT!



"BUT BOB WASN'T IN BED! HE WAS BACKING ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD THE WINDOW. A STRANGE SNARL ON HIS LIPS! I'D NEVER BEFORE NOTICED HOW LONG HIS TEETH WERE!"

THAT BOOK OF YOURS...IT SAYS THAT ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE IS INFECTED... BECOMES ONE HIMSELF! I... I WAS BITTEN...





WELL, THERE'S THE STORY, YOUNG MAN! THE HORROR OF IT HASN'T LEFT ME... AND PROBABLY NEVER WILL! I TRULY BELIEVE BOB THOUGHT HE HAD **REALLY** BEEN INFECTED AND HAD **BECOME** A VAMPIRE!

BUT IF THE LEGEND IS TO BE BELIEVED, I SUPPOSE BOB COWAN NOW **IS** A VAMPIRE ---WOULDN'T YOU SAY SO, DOCTOR?



YES ---IF YOU BELIEVE SUCH ROT! I **DON'T!** YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT I SHOT THAT BAT PURGLY TO RELIEVE BOB'S MIND AND FOR NO OTHER REASON!



WHY, ANY THOUGHT THAT BOB HAS TURNED INTO A VAMPIRE IS **RIDICULOUS!** IF THAT WERE SO, HE WOULD PROBABLY BE SWOOPING AROUND WAITING TO GET ME **RIGHT NOW!**



THANKS FOR GIVING ME SUCH A VIVID DESCRIPTION, DOCTOR ---GOODNIGHT!

GLAD YOU CALLED!



SHORT WHILE LATER!

NOW FOR SOME SLEEP! ---THE CRAZY THINGS THAT CHAP SUGGESTED! IMAGINE ---BOB, A VAMPIRE! WHAT **NONSENSE!**



THE END

The ZOMBIES' DISCIPLE



THE GRATING OF A TOMB DOOR ON ITS RUSTY HINGES-- THE SLOW, CREAKING RISE OF AN UNWATCHED COFFIN LID-- THESE ARE THE GHASTLY SIGNS THAT SHOW THE ZOMBIES ARE ABROAD -- SEEKING THEIR DOOMED DISCIPLES! BUT THE HORROR OF THEIR QUEST AMONG THE DEAD CAN BE SURPASSED -- THERE IS A FATE WORSE THAN A MIDNIGHT SUMMONS FROM THE GRAVE-- AND THAT IS WHEN THE ZOMBIES CLAIM A VICTIM WHO IS ALIVE!

ONE EVENING-- AT THE OFFICE OF DR. FRED COLLINS--

SANDRA GAINES SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE AN HOUR AGO! SHE'S NEVER BEEN LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT BEFORE -- AND I CERTAINLY HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

IT DOES LOOK BAD, DOCTOR! ACCORDING TO THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT HER APARTMENT HOTEL-- SANDRA WAS ON HER WAY HERE!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH SOME-ONE SUBJECT TO CATALEPTIC TRANCES -- AN ATTACK MIGHT HIT ANYWHERE -- AND AN IN-EXPERIENCED AMBULANCE INTERN MIGHT THINK THE VICTIM WAS DEAD! I'D BETTER PLAY IT SAFE -- AND PHONE THE MORGUE!

SECONDS LATER -- IN THE SHADOWED STILLNESS OF THE MORGUE --

AFTER WORKING HERE FOR TEN YEARS, I THOUGHT I'D DEVELOPED NERVES OF IRON -- BUT TONIGHT I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE IDEA OF SOMETHING LURKING AROUND ME!



THEN-- AT THE WELCOME
SOUND OF THE PHONE--

IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOMEONE
SEARCHING FOR A MISSING
RELATIVE, AND READY TO
LEARN THE WORST-- BUT
TO ME IT'LL BE A VOICE--
A HUMAN VOICE!



HELLO-- CITY MORGUE?
THIS IS DR. FRED COLLINS--
HAVE YOU RECEIVED
ANYONE NAMED
**SANDRA
GAINES?**



HOLD THE
WIRE, DOC--
I'LL
CHECK
THE
RECORDS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

HELLO-- HELLO!
YE GODS-- THERE'S
SOMETHING
HORRIBLE GOING
ON AT THE MORGUE--
AND I'D BET-
TER SEE
WHAT IT IS!



MINUTES LATER-- FROM A DARKENED
WINDOW OF THE HOUSE OF DEATH--

WE HAVE ANOTHER
HUMAN TO DEAL WITH
BEFORE WE CAN CLAIM
OUR DISCIPLES!
HIDE-- HIDE!



THE ATTENDANT! YE GODS--
I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD
BE SOMETHING LIKE
THIS!



HE'S BEEN STRANGLED-- BUT WHY?
ROBBERY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
THE MOTIVE-- THERE'S NOTHING
HERE BUT UNCLAIMED CORPSES!



THEN, AS FRED TURNS HIS HEAD-- THE NAME
ON ONE OF THE GRIM RECEPTACLES STANDS
OUT AS SHARPLY AS THE CLATTER OF
WHITENED BONES--

SANDRA GAINES!
GREAT GUNS, SHE
IS HERE-- AMONG
THE DEAD!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED-- SHE MUST HAVE COLLAPSED IN THE STREET! TO ANYONE WHO DIDN'T KNOW SANDRA'S CONDITION, SHE MIGHT SEEM LIFELESS-- AND MANY AN UNLUCKY PERSON IN THIS STATE HAS BEEN BURIED ALIVE!



THEN-- WITH A CREEPING GLIDE FROM THE SHADOWS ABOVE--

AS IT IS-- SHE COULD HAVE BEEN SMOTHERED IF I HADN'T FOUND HER! BUT HER FAINT PULSE IS GETTING STRONGER-- SHE'LL REVIVE IN A FEW MINUTES!



AT THE INSTANT FRED RISES--



AM I NUTS-- OR IS THE THING THAT HIT ME HIDING UP THERE-- AND GIVING OFF A STRANGE GLOW?



AS FRED INCHES FORWARD, ANOTHER DARK SHAPE RISES BEHIND HIM-- FIXING HIM WITH A COLD, UNFLICKERING GLARE--

THERE'S NO NEED THINKING THERE WAS ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THIS-- THE ATTENDANT WAS MURDERED-- THE KILLER'S TRYING TO PANIC ME INTO GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!



A SECOND LATER--



BEFORE FRED CAN BREAK AWAY--

WE HAVE WANDERED MANY A MIDNIGHT TO CLAIM NEW DISCIPLES--

-- AND THE HUMAN WHO TRIES TO OPPOSE US WILL CHOKE OUT HIS LAST MOMENTS IN TERROR!



WITH A DESPERATE HEAVE--

I'M SURE OF ONE THING--
YOU CREEPS HAVEN'T BEEN
ALIVE FOR A LONG,
LONG TIME!

CRASH!



ANOTHER THING THAT'S
PRETTY CLEAR IS THAT I'M
UP AGAINST A FIGHT FOR
MY LIFE-- AND IT MIGHT
AS WELL START **NOW!**

POW!



THEN-- AS IF A GRAVEYARD
SUDDENLY YIELDED ITS
BURDEN OF HORROR--

GOOD LORD! THEY'VE BEEN
HIDING ALL AROUND ME--
DOZENS OF THEM!



I CAN'T LEAVE SANDRA **ALONE**--
I'VE GOT TO GET HELP! ONCE I'M
PAST **THIS** FIEND-- I'LL HAVE A
CHANCE TO REACH THE
DOOR!

POW!



SUDDENLY-- WITHIN A STEP OF SAFETY--

ONCE A MORTAL MEETS US--
**IT'S TOO LATE
TO ESCAPE!**



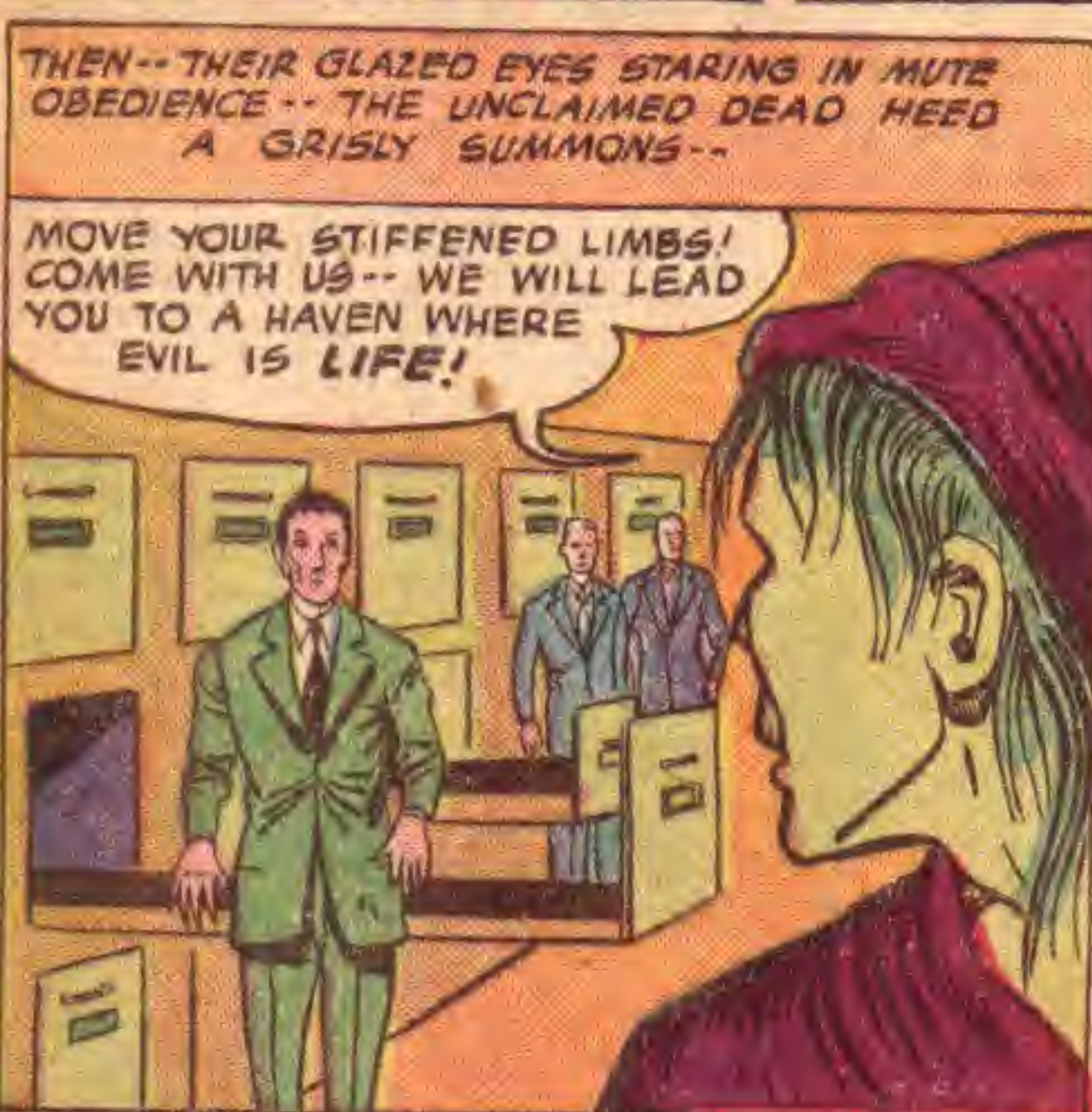
**SEIZE
HIM!**

YES-- SHOW HIM WHAT IT
MEANS TO RESIST THE
UNDEAD!



CRASH!





FREE AT LAST! IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD MY STETHOSCOPE ALONG! THE FRESH AIR I MANAGED TO BREATHE THROUGH THE TUBE IS THE ONE THING THAT KEPT ME ALIVE!



I'VE GOT TO TRAIL THOSE FIENDS -- BUT IT WON'T HELP SANDRA ANY IF I LET THEM GET THEIR HANDS ON ME AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE ZOMBIES REACH THEIR LAIR -- BECAUSE BY THAT TIME, THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO JOIN THEM -- AS A CORPSE!



AN HOUR LATER -- IN A SOLITUDE SWEEPED BY CLOUDED MOONLIGHT --

THERE'S THE SPOT THEY'VE CHOSEN AS A GATHERING PLACE -- THE ABANDONED QUARRY AT THE TOP OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN!



600N AFTERWARD --

GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE LEADING SANDRA IN WITH THE OTHERS -- JUST AS IF IT WERE AN IMMENSE TOMB!



I MAY BE ABLE TO TRICK THOSE DEMONS INTO THINKING I'M A WALKING CORPSE -- BUT THEY'RE SURE TO OVERTAKE US BEFORE I CAN GET SANDRA HALFWAY UP THE STEEP WALLS OF THE QUARRY!



YOU ARE NOT DEAD! WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO BE HERE?

YE GODS -- IT'S THAT DEAD MORGUE ATTENDANT! HE MUST HAVE LAGGED BEHIND THE OTHERS -- BUT THE ZOMBIES HAVE SUMMONED HIM HERE, TOO!

LOOK -- I'M TRYING TO SAVE SOMEONE LIVING FROM THOSE DEMONS WHO KILLED YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME -- BECAUSE IF I SUCCEED, IT'LL MEAN A PEACEFUL RELEASE FOR YOU, TOO!

IT IS TOO LATE NOW! THE ZOMBIES HAVE MADE ME WALK! THEY ARE MY MASTERS -- THEY MUST BE WARNED THAT YOU PLAN TO DESTROY THEM!



AS THE CORPSE TURNS TOWARD THE STEEP,
NARROW PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE
ZOMBIES' LAIR --

HOLD IT! YOU MAY BE
CONTENT TO BECOME A
ZOMBIE -- BUT I'M
NOT GOING TO LET
YOU DOOM SANDRA!

STAND BACK!
WHAT CAN
YOU DO
TO STOP
ME?



PLENTY! YOU MAY BE
DEAD -- BUT YOU'RE
NOT A ZOMBIE!



YOU WERE A LIVING HUMAN JUST A
SHORT WHILE AGO -- AND YOU'RE
STILL SUFFICIENTLY HUMAN TO SENSE
WHAT LIES AHEAD ONCE THOSE
CACKLING MONSTERS MAKE YOU
A ZOMBIES' DISCIPLE AT
DAWN! I CAN'T BRING YOU
BACK TO LIFE -- BUT I CAN
SAVE YOU FROM BECOMING
A GRISLY PUPPET -- IF YOU
GIVE ME A CHANCE!

I THOUGHT IT WAS
USELESS TO DEFEY
THE ZOMBIES -- BUT
YOU ARE RIGHT --
MY SPIRIT IS
STILL HUMAN!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO DO?

GET ON THOSE DERRICK
CONTROLS AND LOWER
ME INTO THE QUARRY!
KEEP ON THE LOOKOUT --
BECAUSE ONCE I'M
READY TO COME
BACK UP -- IT'LL
HAVE TO BE IN
A HURRY!

YOU'LL NEED
MORE THAN
COURAGE TO
FACE THEM --
BUT FOR THIS
PART -- YOU CAN
RELY ON ME!



SECONDS LATER --

THAT'S SANDRA!

GOOD
HEAVENS --
YOU'RE
HIDEOUS!
WHY
HAVE
YOU
BROUGHT
ME
HERE?

SHE'S REGAINED HER
SENSES -- AND NOW
THAT THE ZOMBIES
REALIZE SHE'S ALIVE --
THEY'LL METE OUT
THE MOST HORRIBLE
DEATH THEY CAN
DEVISE!

LET ME GO! I'M NOT
LIKE THOSE THINGS --
MUTE AND STARING --
AND LIFELESS!

HAA-HA!
YOU WILL
BE!

THOSE FIENDS THINK I DIED
BACK AT THE MORGUE -- AND MY
MEDICAL TRAINING IS ONE THING
THAT WILL HELP ME FAKE DEATH!
THERE'S NO TIME TO WONDER
WHETHER IT'LL WORK -- I
CAN'T LET THEM GET THEIR
EVIL HANDS ON SANDRA!



SECONDS LATER-- THE ZOMBIES
TURN AS THE THUD OF SLOW FOOT-
STEPS SOUNDS IN THE GLOOM--

FRED!

HAA!
SO HE
DID
DIE!

I HAVE ANSWERED
YOUR SUMMONS! I
AM A DISCIPLE--
COMMAND ME--
AND I WILL
OBEY!

SHE WILL BE YOUR
FIRST TEST! KILL
HER-- SO THAT
HER CORPSE
WILL BELONG
TO US AT
DAWN!

IT WILL
BE DONE!
STAND
BACK-- AND
LET ME CLAIM
MY FIRST
VICTIM
ALONE!

FRED-- YOU CAN'T!
YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE WHO'S GIVEN
ME ANY HOPE--
NOT JUST BECAUSE
YOU'RE MY DOCTOR--
BUT BECAUSE
I LOVE YOU!

TAKE IT
EASY.
THIS IS JUST
AN ACT!



CHLOROFORM WAS YOUR IDEA,
CREEPS-- AND HERE'S JUST
ENOUGH OF IT TO SLOW
YOU DOWN!



OKAY, BABY--
GET MOVING!

AAGH!



THE FUMES WILL CHECK
THE ZOMBIES FOR JUST
A FEW SECONDS, FRED--
WE WON'T HAVE
TIME TO CLIMB
THAT STEEP
PATH!

I'VE MADE OTHER
ARRANGEMENTS,
SANDRA! COME
ON-- JUMP UP
ON THAT
STONE
BLOCK!



AN INSTANT LATER--

DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM,
SWEETHEART-- HE DOESN'T
WANT TO BE A ZOMBIE
EITHER! WE'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST-- I CAN HEAR
THOSE FIENDS TRAMPING
TOWARD THE ENTRANCE!
FIRST, I'LL TAKE
OVER THOSE
CONTROLS!

FRED-- WHO'S
THAT-- AT
THE CONTROLS?



THEN-- WITH THE FOREMOST ZOMBIES
WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE OPENING--

THIS CAN'T MISS, BECAUSE IF IT DOES
THERE **WILL** BE THREE NEW ZOMBIES
AT DAWN! **HERE GOES!**



BY THE
BLACK
POWERS
OF DOOM--
LOOK!

IT'S HURTLING
STRAIGHT TOWARD
US! **GET BACK--
GET BACK!**



YAAGHHH!



CRASH!

THAT FINISHES THEM.
SANDRA! THE SPIRITS OF
THE DEAD CAN ESCAPE--
**BUT THE ZOMBIES
THEMSELVES WILL BE
SEALED FOREVER
IN A TOMB OF
LIVING ROCK!**

FRED! GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
THE MORGUE
ATTENDANT?

MY MORTAL EXISTENCE
IS ENDED-- BUT THANKS
TO YOU, THERE IS **ANOTHER**
EXISTENCE AHEAD OF ME--
IN THE QUIET ETERNITY
OF THE SPIRIT WORLD!

YOUR THANKS WILL
COME IN THE
BEYOND-- WHEN
YOU MEET THE
PEACEFUL SPIRITS
YOU SAVED FROM
BECOMING THE
ZOMBIES' DISCIPLES!



IT WAS A TERRIFYING
EXPERIENCE, FRED--
BUT STRANGELY
ENOUGH-- I FEEL
BETTER THAN I
HAVE IN YEARS!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU
UNDERWENT JUST ENOUGH OF
A SHOCK TO **CURE** YOU,
HONEY! THAT **COULD**
MEAN I'VE LOST A PATIENT--
AND THERE'S JUST ONE WAY
TO MAKE SURE I DON'T
LOSE YOU!

WILL YOU MARRY
ME, SANDRA?

DARLING!



The End

Witch's CURSE

"COME IN, DOCTOR, come in. I--I'm glad you came tonight--I just *had* to have someone here in case the--the prophecy came true!"

Dr. Tobias Cosgrave entered the baronial hall of the huge English castle and looked with deep concern at the young man who had greeted him so strangely at the door. "You look rather wrought up, Philip," the doctor said. "What prophecy are you muttering about?"

"It--it's a long story," Philip Marlborough began, "going way back to 1621, when the Duke of Marlborough--my ancestor--ordered the execution of one Allura Spenser on the charge of witchcraft. Just before she was hanged, she cursed the entire Marlborough family and prophesied that in the tenth generation, the last remaining male member of the family would die by hanging on the eve of his thirtieth birthday! And I happen to be the last remaining member of the tenth generation--and tonight is the eve of my thirtieth birthday!"

The doctor threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Is *that* all that's bothering you, my boy?" he said when his chuckles had finally subsided. "Why, it's ridiculous, utter nonsense, to believe in that curse! This is 1951--the age of witchcraft has given way to the age of modern science--and no one who's been dead for centuries can reach from beyond the grave to hang you!"

"There--there's more to my story, doctor," Philip said, beginning to pace nervously around the room. "Allura *must* have had some supernatural powers, because she also foretold that I would look exactly like the Duke who ordered her death--and of all the members of the family, I'm the only one who looks exactly like my ancestor!"

"Coincidence, my boy, sheer coincidence," the doctor said, trying to hide the worry in his voice. "Besides, how in blazes *could* you be hung tonight? I'm certain that no descendant of Allura Spenser is going to break into the castle at the stroke of midnight and try to throttle you!"

"I--I don't know how it's going to be done, but I've got a strange premonition that it will be done--somehow! But at least I've taken the precaution of placing my servants as guards at all the windows and doors of the castle--so that if anyone or anything *does* get in, it will *have* to be a supernatural power! And now all I can do is wait for midnight--it's only a few minutes away--"

As the first strokes of midnight began tolling like a death knell, Philip Marlborough stood tensely, fearfully, gazing all around, as if looking for some invisible enemy that might strike at him from any direction.

"Seven--eight--nine," the doctor counted out loud. "Ten--eleven--tw--
PHILIP!"

There, before the doctor's incredulous eyes, Philip Marlborough suddenly rose into the air as if lifted by some supernatural power. Paralyzed with astonishment and terror, the doctor could only watch as Philip's hands clawed desperately at his own throat, as if trying to tear away some invisible force that was strangling him. In a moment, Philip's eyes bulged, his face turned purple, and his head dropped loosely to one side in the unmistakable manner of one whose neck had just been broken. Then--*thud!*--and Philip's body had fallen back to the floor.

"Dead!" the doctor murmured in awe as he bent to examine the body. "And--and with the marks of a rope upon his neck!"

The SPECTER in the SHOW WINDOW



THEIR MARRIAGE WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE, PEOPLE WHISPERED-- RAY MANNING, BRILLIANT AND FIERY YOUNG SCULPTOR AND EVE LAWSON, BEAUTIFUL AND TEMPERAMENTAL STAR OF THE SILVER SCREEN! BUT BEHIND THEIR EXPLOSIVE CLASHES LURKED LOVE -- A LOVE THAT TRANSCENDED EVEN DEATH ITSELF! HERE'S A STRANGE STORY OF A NEW KIND OF GHOST -- THE TENSE TALE OF THE SPECTER IN THE SHOW-WINDOW!

IT'S AN ODD TIME TO LOOK IN ON THE MANNINGS-- AT THE END OF ONE OF THEIR BITTER QUARRELS--

I'M LEAVING, RAY-- THIS IS FINAL! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU-- AND I'M FLYING TO PARIS TONIGHT!

THAT SUITS ME FINE -- EXCEPT MAYBE PARIS ISN'T FAR ENOUGH!

OH, NO! YOU INSUFFERABLE HEEL-- I-- I HATE YOU!

WHY I EVER MARRIED A VIXEN LIKE YOU-- GET OUT!

CRASH!



SHE'S-- GONE,
SIR! HOW
DREADFUL!

FORGET IT, BERTHA-- SHE'LL
BE BACK! EVE ALWAYS
COMES BACK!



BUT
THIS
TIME--
EVE
DIDN'T
RETURN!

WORD HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED THAT
A PARIS-BOUND AIRLINER HAS JUST
CRASHED IN FLAMES IN NEWFOUND-
LAND, WITH NO SURVIVORS! AMONG
THE DEAD WAS THE FAMOUS
ACTRESS, EVE LAWSON--

NO-NO!



RAY WAS GRIEF-STRICKEN-- UNCONSOLABLE--

IT WAS MY FAULT
FOR LETTING HER
GO-- I KILLED
HER! I MURDERED
THE ONLY WOMAN
I EVER LOVED!



AND SO THE GREAT SCULPTOR ISOLATED
HIMSELF IN HIS STUDIO-- REFUSING
ALL COMMISSIONS--

PLEASE, SIR--
YOU'VE GOT TO
EAT SOME-
THING!

WITHOUT HER-- LIVING
DEATH! IF ONLY I COULD
SEE HER BEFORE ME JUST
ONCE AGAIN-- RECREATE
HER IMAGE--



SLOWLY, THE
FANTASTIC
NOTION SPREAD
THROUGH HIS
MIND! RE-
CREATE EVE--
WHY NOT?
FEVERISHLY
HE THREW
HIMSELF INTO
THE STRANGE
PROJECT-- AND
BENEATH THE
HANDS OF THE MASTER,
A BODY
TOOK FORM--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE WORKING ON, MR.
MANNING-- BUT CAN IT
MATCH THE \$10,000
COMMISSION I'M
OFFERING YOU?

I DON'T WANT
YOUR WORK!
THIS-- IT'S MY--
MASTERPIECE!

FINALLY, TINGED WITH THE BREATH OF
LIFE, A GREAT STATUE WAS CRE-
ATED! THE FLESH WAS TINTED--
THE EYES COLORED-- A WIG PRO-
VIDED! AND BEFORE ASTOUNDED
ONLOOKERS-- THERE EMERGED--
EVE!

IT'S-- UNCANNY!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW
THE TRUTH, I'D
SAY THAT EVE
WAS HERE--
ALIVE!

I COULD
ALMOST
SWEAR THAT
RAY THINKS
GO!

GOODBYE! EVE AND
I ARE GLAD THAT
YOU COULD COME!
LIKE OLD TIMES,
ISN'T IT?

BRRR! THAT
THING GIVES
ME THE
SHUDDERS!



FROM THEN ON, ALL RAY'S WAKING MOMENTS WERE SPENT WITH THE DEAD WOMAN'S STATUE! HE REFUSED ALL WORK--DRIFTED TOWARD BANKRUPTCY--

HE WON'T SEE YOU-- WON'T SEE ANYBODY! JUST STARES AT THAT THING-- EVEN TALKS TO IT! I'M QUITTING TONIGHT-- HE CAN'T EVEN PAY MY SALARY! A GENIUS LIKE HIM-- WHO COULD MAKE A FORTUNE IF HE WANTED TO!



BUT THERE WAS NO FORTUNE FOR RAY MANNING, FOR POVERTY SOON BECAME HIS LOT! HE'D EVEN GOTTEN TO KNOW HUNGER WHEN A WEALTHY DEPARTMENT STORE OWNER CAME TO HIM WITH A STRANGE PROPOSITION--

MR. MANNING, WED LIKE TO NAME ONE OF OUR NEW GOWN CREATIONS AFTER YOUR LATE WIFE! AND TO PUBLICIZE IT, WE WANT TO RENT THAT WONDERFUL STATUE-- FOR WINDOW DISPLAY PURPOSES!

WHAT? PUT EVE IN A STORE WINDOW-- FOR CURIOUS CROWDS TO STARE AT? NEVER-- I'D DIE FIRST!



BE REASONABLE-- WE'RE WILLING TO PAY HIGH! AND BESIDES, REMEMBER THAT SHE WAS A GREAT ACTRESS, AND PUBLIC APPEARANCES WERE HER LIFE! YOU COULD ALMOST CALL THIS A TRIBUTE TO HER!

NO-- EVE ISN'T FOR RENT! GET OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME-- GET OUT!



BUT STARVATION IS A STERN TASKMASTER-- AND FINALLY--

THANKS, MR. MANNING-- HERE'S YOUR CHECK-- FOR ONE MONTH'S RENTAL!

I CAN'T WATCH HER BEING TAKEN AWAY FROM ME-- AGAIN!



THE VERY NEXT WEEK-- IT HAPPENED! FROM OUT OF THE GREAT BEYOND--

WHO'S THERE? WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

NOW THAT'S A SMART QUESTION! WHO AM I! YOU BIRD-BRAIN, DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE BY MAKING THE STATUE SO PERFECT?



YOU TIED ME TO THIS EARTH, THAT'S ALL! I DIDN'T MIND IT SO MUCH BEING HERE IN THIS STUDIO-- IN FACT, I RATHER ENJOYED IT! BUT NOW YOU HAVE THE COOL, BRAZEN NERVE TO RENT ME TO A STORE FOR MONEY! TO MAKE ME SIT IN A COLD WINDOW, DAY AND NIGHT, WHILE GAWKING MORONS STARE AT ME!



HASTILY, RAY FLED THE STUDIO-- CONVINCED THAT HE MUST BE OUT OF HIS MIND!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- I MUST BE DREAMING OR CRAZY! THAT COULDN'T BE EVE! TRUE, I WAS FASCINATED BY THE STATUE-- BUT GHOSTS DON'T EXIST!

THEY DON'T, EH? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU STUBBORN, PINHEADED IMBECILE-- TAKE THAT!



WHEN RAY RETURNED THE NEXT MORNING--

GOOD GRIEF, LOOK AT THE MESS! DISHES
BROKEN, DRAPES SLASHED-- IT-- IT'S EXACTLY
WHAT EVE WOULD HAVE DONE!



THIS TIME. SURE THAT HIS SANITY WAS
GOING, HE VISITED A PSYCHIATRIST --

VERY INTERESTING, MR. MANNING--
BUT, OF COURSE, ALL THESE THINGS
YOU DESCRIBE DIDN'T ACTUALLY
HAPPEN! IT'S MERELY A WISH-
FULFILLMENT -- YOU WANT YOUR
WIFE BACK SO BADLY THAT
YOU IMAGINE YOU SEE HER!

IT'S A
RELIEF
TO HEAR
YOU SAY
THAT, DOCTOR!
I ---



NO-- SHE'S
THERE!
RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU!

HMM... THIS IS SERIOUS!--
TOM! MARTIN! IN
HERE-- QUICK!

STOP! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? I TELL YOU I
SAW HER-- RIGHT HERE
IN THIS OFFICE!

OF COURSE,
YOU DID, MR.
MANNING-- NOW
JUST RELAX!



LATER, IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL
FOR MENTAL CASES--

DR. MAIN WANTS A CLOSE
OBSERVATION KEPT ON THIS
CASE -- IT'S A MOST
PECULIAR ONE! HE'S THE
FAMOUS SCULPTOR, RAY
MANNING! GRIEF
OVER HIS WIFE'S
DEATH IS
RESPONSIBLE...

YE GODS--
I'M IN AN
INSANE
ASYLUM!

HE SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP--
I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO
LEAVE HIM!

AM I
REALLY
OUT OF MY
HEAD? I
COULD
SWEAR
I SAW
EVE!

OF COURSE
YOU SAW ME,
DARLING!

EVE--
YOU'RE
REAL!

NO-- JUST A GHOST!
YOU'RE HOLDING ME
CHAINED TO THE EARTH,
RAY-- AND I CRAVE
RELEASE! TO DO IT--
YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK
THAT STATUE
TO BITS!





I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, EVE -- IF ONLY I CAN GET AWAY --

YOUR CLOTHES ARE IN THAT CLOSET, DARLING!



I HEAR THE ORDERLY COMING! TAKE THIS -- HE MUSTN'T STOP YOU!



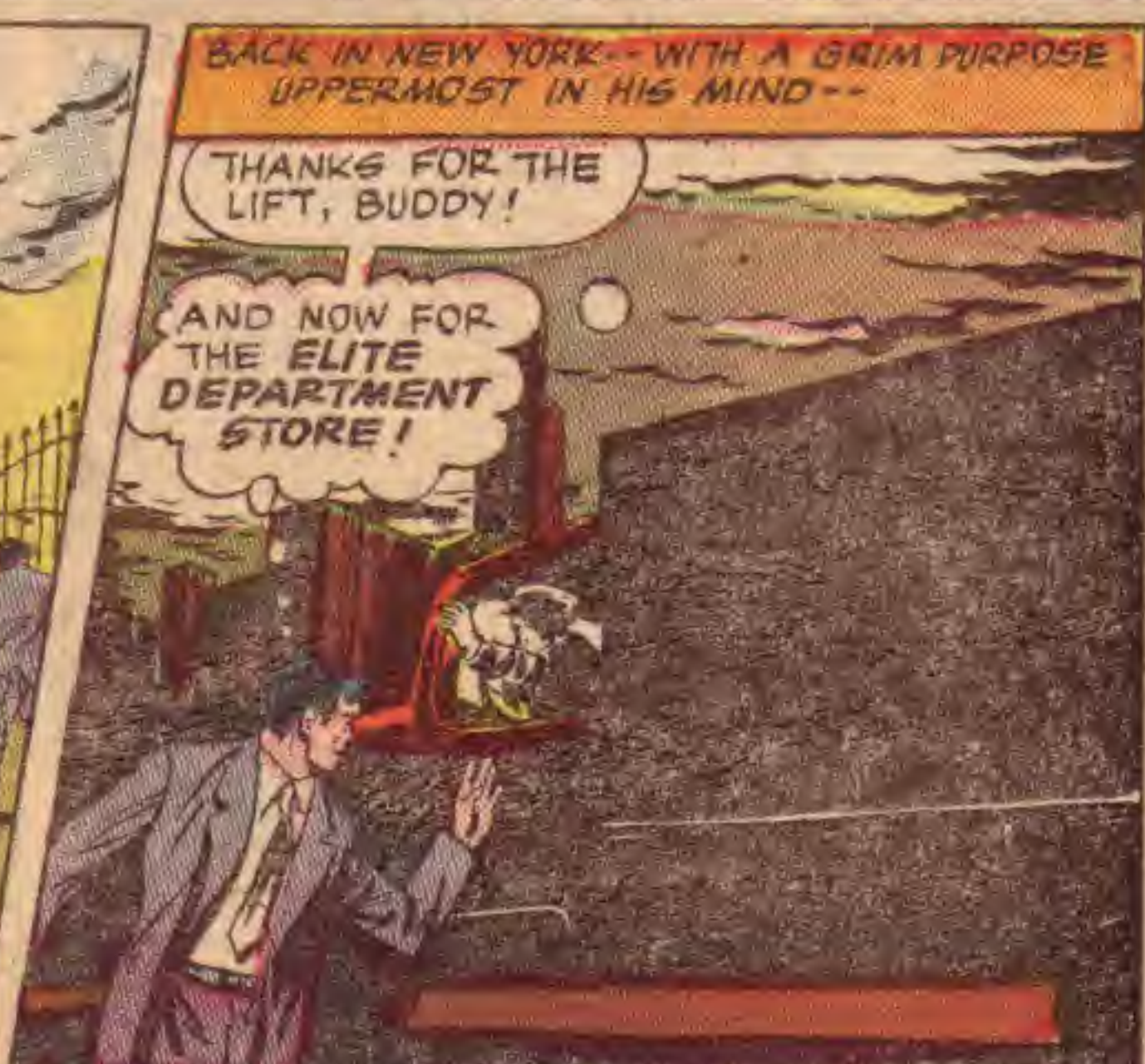
THAT'S MY BOY!

WAMI!



THERE GOES THAT MANNING GUY -- ESCAPING! GET THE DOOR OPEN AND AFTER HIM -- FAST!

I CAN'T! SOMETHIN'S HOLDIN' THE DOOR!



BACK IN NEW YORK -- WITH A GRIM PURPOSE UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND --

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BUDDY!

AND NOW FOR THE ELITE DEPARTMENT STORE!



SHE'S THERE -- IN THE WINDOW -- BEAUTIFUL, MAJESTIC -- AND I'VE GOT TO DESTROY HER!

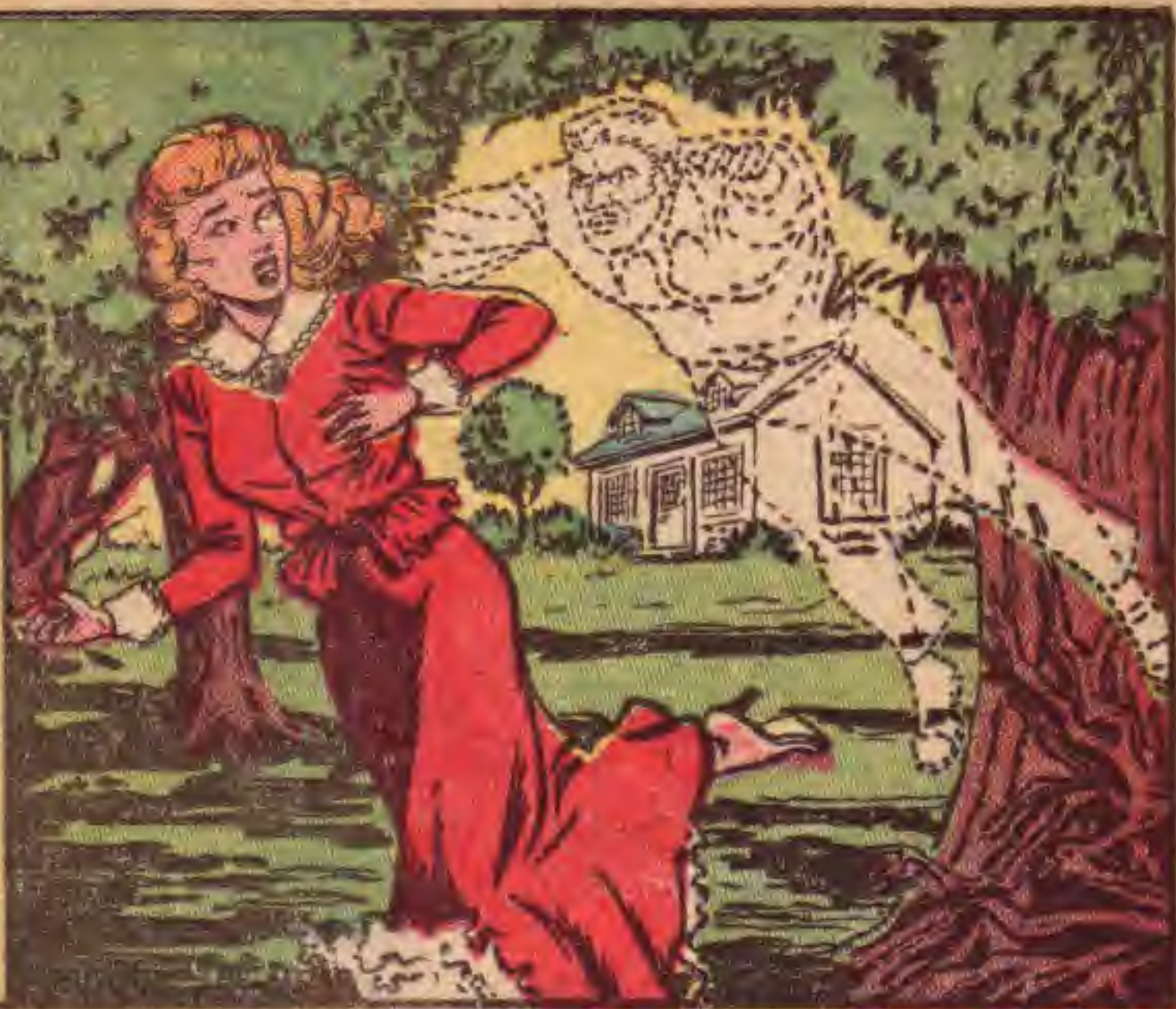


CRASH!



CASE of the HAUNTED GIRL

BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, READER? WELL, IF YOU'RE SCEPTICAL ABOUT THEM NOW, YOU WON'T BE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED READING ABOUT ONE OF THE STRANGEST HAUNTING CASES IN HISTORY---A CASE WHOSE GHOSTLY PHENOMENA WERE EXAMINED, DOCUMENTED AND AUTHENTICATED BY MANY RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE, WHO ACTUALLY WITNESSED THE UNCANNY MANIFESTATIONS IN THE CASE OF ESTHER CARR, THE HAUNTED GIRL!



IT ALL STARTED LATE IN AUGUST, 1878, IN THE TOWN OF GLARNO, NOVA SCOTIA---WHERE LOVELY ESTHER CARR AND A YOUTH NAMED BOB NELSON BECAME INVOLVED IN A STRANGE TRAGEDY!



ESTHER WAS ILL FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE TRAGIC HAPPENING--BUT THEN, ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER FOURTH...





THINKING THAT THE GHOST WOULD ONLY PLAGUE ESTHER
NEAR THE SCENE OF THE SUICIDE, HER UNCLE TOOK THE
TERRIFIED GIRL TO THE HOME OF A FRIEND--BUT EVEN
THERE...



ESTHER RECOVERED FROM THE BRUTAL ATTACK, AND WHILE SHE WAS CONVALESCING AT HOME, AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO CONVERSE WITH THE GHOST!

IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, BOB NELSON, GIVE A KNOCK FOR EACH PERSON IN THE ROOM!

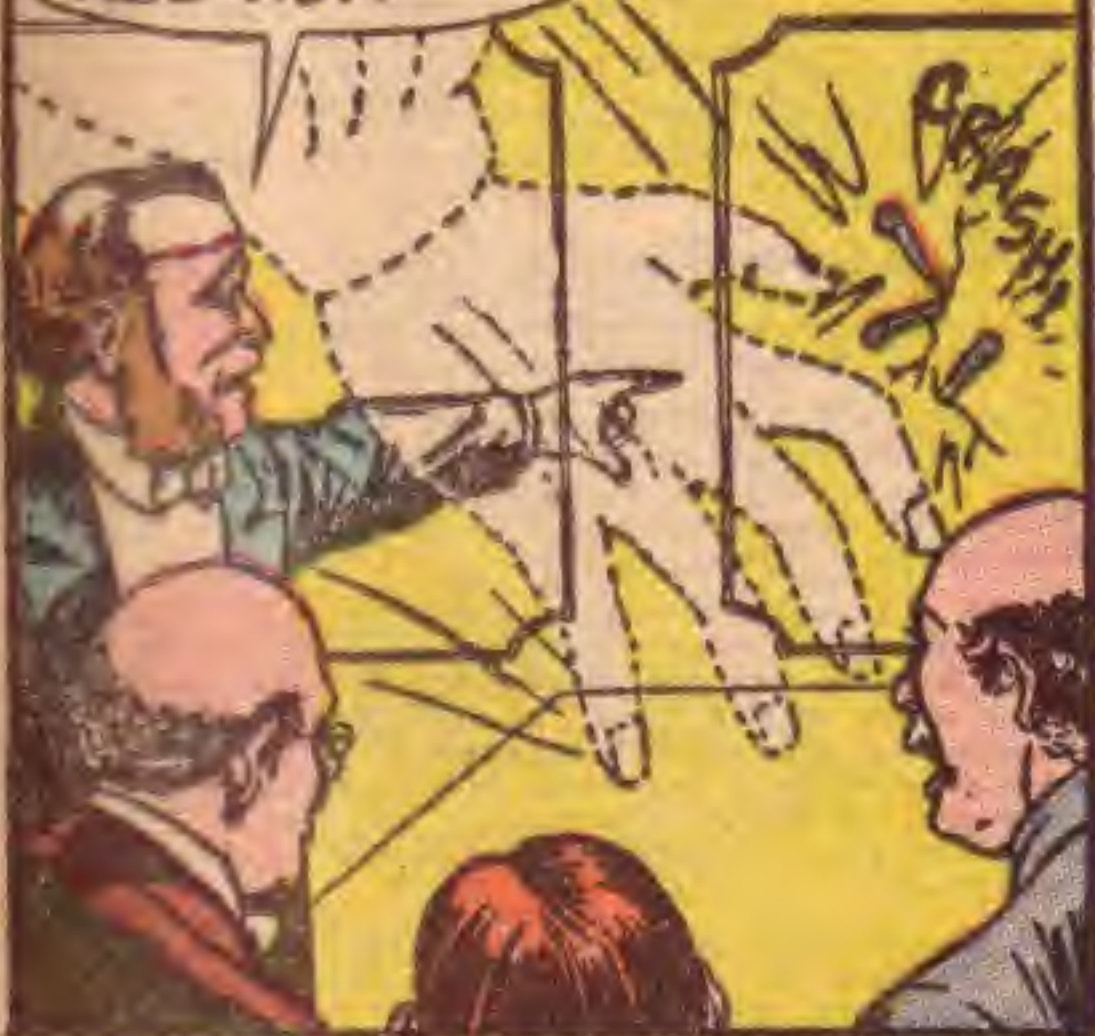


MANY INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE CAME TO WITNESS THE EERIE PHENOMENA--AND FINALLY, A DOUBTING NEWSPAPER EDITOR WITNESSED A CONCLUSIVE TEST OF THE GHOST'S EXISTENCE!

IF THE SPIRIT OF BOB NELSON IS REALLY IN THIS ROOM, WE ASK HIM TO GIVE PROOF OF HIS PRESENCE--BY TAKING THESE THREE LARGE IRON SPIKES FROM ESTHER'S LAP AND HURLING THEM TWENTY FEET AWAY AGAINST THE OPPOSITE WALL!



IT...IT HAPPENED --AND THOSE SPIKES ARE SUDDENLY RED-HOT!



ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE WHO CAME TO DEBUNK THE GHOST THOUGHT UP AN INGENUOUS TEST...

BOB, I WOULD LIKE A MATCH, IF YOU PLEASE!



HELP! I BELIEVE IN YOU NOW--STOP!



INTRIGUED BY THE WIDE ATTENTION HE WAS RECEIVING, THE GHOST SOON FORGOT ABOUT TRYING TO HARM ESTHER CARR, AND KEPT ON GIVING DEMONSTRATIONS TO PROVE HIS EXISTENCE! FINALLY, ON JUNE 27TH, 1879, HE MADE HIS FAREWELL PERFORMANCE--AND THE WHOLE TOWN GATHERED AROUND TO WITNESS THE INCREDIBLE SIGHT OF A TRUMPET HOVERING IN MID-AIR--AND BEING BLOWN BY AN INVISIBLE BEING!



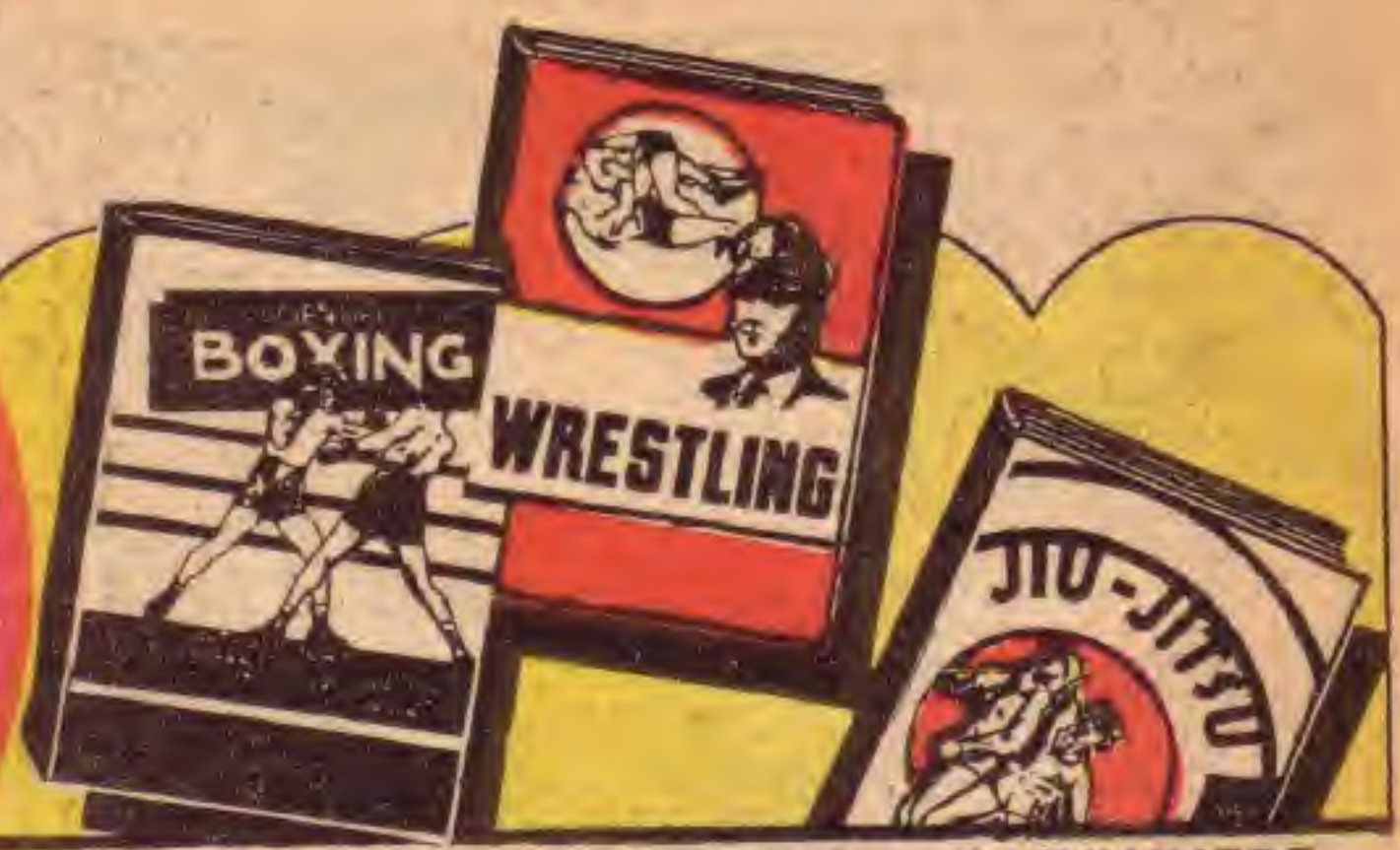
AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER, 16 WELL-KNOWN TOWNSMEN SIGNED A SOLEMN TESTIMONIAL...

We the undersigned, have absolutely foreseen, and heard demonstrations, manifestations, and communications of an invisible, intelligent and malicious power within the atmosphere that continued its awe-inspiring and mysterious operations in the actual presence of Esther Carr...

BELIEVE IN GHOSTS NOW, READER?

THE END

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MASTER
not the slave!
Defend



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4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!

I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR TOO!

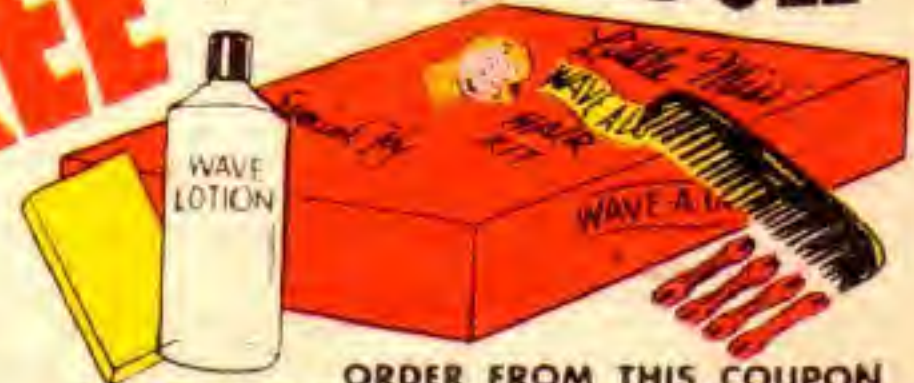
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